

COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

LADY BROOKE.

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**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece : Lady Brooke</i>	567, 568
<i>The Spade Work of the Middle Period (Leader)</i>	568
<i>Country Notes</i>	569
<i>St. Luke's Summer, by G. James</i>	569
<i>The R.A.M.C. at the Battle of the Rivers, by Ella Mary Gordon</i>	570
<i>The Dairy Show. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards)</i>	571
<i>Von Bernhardi on the Training of Troop Horses</i>	573
<i>Tales of Country Life : The Second Half Million, by H. L. Pattinson</i>	575
<i>An Ancient Race of Hounds, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)</i>	576
<i>The English Name, by Oswald Barron</i>	579
<i>The Automobile in War. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards)</i>	580
<i>Country Home : Nostell Priory, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)</i>	582
<i>Our Supply of Meat</i>	589
<i>In the Garden : Storing Vegetables for Winter Use, etc.</i>	590
<i>The Storm Petrel, by C. J. King. (Illustrated)</i>	591
<i>Literature</i>	592
<i>Reminiscences of Tolstoy (Count Ilya Tolstoy) : The Demi-Gods (James Stephens) ; Landmarks (E. V. Lucas) ; Black Tales for White Children (Captain C. H. and Mrs. Stigand) ; Modern Pig-sticking (Major A. E. Wardrop) ; The Wise Virgins (L. S. Woolf) ; Oddfish (Robert Hugh Benson).</i>	
<i>Industry in the Alps, by L. Edna Walter. (Illustrated)</i>	594
<i>Correspondence</i>	595
<i>Mounts for the Army (Major-General J. Willoughby) ; Acorns as Fodder ; More Church "Restoration" (G. J. Cooke) ; Soul Mass Cakes (G. Welburn) ; Putcher Fishing (E. J. Tuckey) ; New Hall, Borcham ; The American Grey Squirrel ; Swede Turnips as Green Crops ; The Sea and the Parish of Stepney ; Another Victim to Mine-laying? (W. P. Pycraft) ; Friendly Wild Birds (A. Pilkington) ; Ferreting (Ernest Holden) ; Cats with Odd Eyes (F. R. Evans) ; Diseased Sycamores (C. Essingham) ; Preserving the Walnut Crop (M. Hardy Smith).</i>	
<i>Racing Notes</i>	2*
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	4*
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i>	6*
<i>Shooting Notes : Sport in Kashmir, etc.</i>	10*
<i>For Town and Country</i>	10*

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE SPADE WORK OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD.

TO all who study with any care the Army operations on the Continent, it is evident that the growing need of the Allies is more soldiers. It is a painful thought that if Sir John French had been in command of an army of 500,000 when the Germans began their retreat from Paris, it would have been possible to inflict such a crushing blow as to bring the proceedings within view of a finish. And now, again, this battle of the coast is resolving itself into a question as to who is able to command the bigger battalions. The opportunity presents itself of inflicting a crushing blow if we only had men enough to do it. Many people argue that if we simply hold the Germans in Belgium and the Russians are able to hold them in Poland, economic pressure will do the rest. But that would be at the best a slow process. A solution of the problem would be very quickly found if the enemy could be forced back into his own territory. That would supply the final and convincing proof to the German people that they have been blinded and led astray by manipulated news. As far as one can learn from those who have been in Germany and have returned from it, the population remains convinced of ultimate victory. Indeed, were it otherwise, they could

not help being plunged into the depression of despair. Defeat would mean more to the Germans than it would to those of any other nationality engaged in the conflict. The most ambitious of the German leaders does not dream for one moment of the possibility of conquering Russia, and we do not suppose that any of them really believe that they are going to subdue Great Britain. But if Germany were beaten, there would be an end to all the dreams and ambitions cherished during the last twenty-five years.

It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we should summon all our strength to produce this defeat. Now is the time when the dogged tenacity of the British race is called upon to exert itself. At the opening of a war there is naturally a great deal of fiery enthusiasm. That is all very well as long as it lasts, but it is not formed so as to withstand the attrition of daily wear. After the first transports of zeal have subsided, what is needed is a steady and business-like resolution to carry on stubbornly through all the difficulties that beset us and win at the last. Obviously, if this is to be done, recruiting must be conducted even more energetically now than it was at the opening of the campaign. Ours, after all, is a very great population, and if it raised an army on the scale of other countries, we should have at least 3,000,000 men under arms. Before the Balkan States took the field they had worked up their armies on such a scale as this—that is to say, they had as many soldiers as we have indicated in proportion to their population. Germany has, of course, obtained its army through compulsory training. We have not yet come to that, although there is no longer any denying the possibility of our doing so. Indeed, it may be said that the excellent effects produced by discipline and exercise on the recruits who are now preparing to take the field as part of Lord Kitchener's Army have taken away from compulsory service one of its least agreeable aspects. The men who are being trained for the Army, if afterwards they should return to the occupations temporarily forsaken, will unquestionably be more efficient in business owing to their military training. But the number of young men now under arms is still small in comparison to the total number. It is only necessary to watch the suburban trains in the morning and see the young men of or about twenty-one passing to their places of employment to understand that the resources of the country in the way of finding recruits have scarcely yet been tapped.

Where the proportion of recruits is greatest is in the educated and those who have most to give up. From Cambridge University more than half of the undergraduates are absent. They have either actually gone to the seat of war or are training at one centre or another. In Oxford very much the same state of things prevails. The young men whose fathers occupy responsible positions, and who themselves have been educated to the duty of citizenship, have shown a very fine example. The thing is to get other sections of the community to emulate them. We have all very much the same stake in the country. At any rate, there is no reason why the flame of patriotism should not burn as brightly in the hearts of one set of men as it does in another. The proportion of soldiers found in our universities should be equalled by those in every calling which employs young men. We are quite aware that the response has been liberal and generous. Never before have the banks, railway companies, and employers of clerks and other workers sent so many men to the field, only this is not a moment in which we can afford to indulge in mutual congratulations or self-complacency. More men have come forward, but then the occasion is so very extraordinary as to make very great, indeed unparalleled, demands upon the services of our citizens. There is plenty of stiff work to be done before we come within sight of the final struggle. At the end, no doubt there will be a revival of enthusiasm that will make the finish glorious, but it is the hard spade work of the middle period which will apply the greater test to our resolution.

OUR FRONTISPICE.

OUR portrait is of Lady Brooke, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Brooke, M.V.O., the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick. Lord Brooke's services were specially mentioned in the despatches of Sir John French on October 8th.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

THE influence of the war is making itself felt in a remarkable degree in the Scottish Universities. On Saturday the French President, M. Poincaré, was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and on the same day Lord Kitchener acknowledged a similar honour paid to himself by Edinburgh University. M. Poincaré's election is, we believe, unique. No foreign Minister has on a previous occasion been elected to fill this office. It is to be greatly hoped that the French President will during the course of the next three years find an opportunity to fulfil the chief duty of a Lord Rector, that is to say, deliver an address to the students. Should he do so, he will have to follow very distinguished predecessors. Among the statesmen who have given rectorial addresses at Glasgow, the most notable were Lord Beaconsfield and his lifelong rival, Mr. W. E. Gladstone. A similar message will be expected from Lord Kitchener at Edinburgh, and he, too, will have to follow many illustrious men. By the time he comes to speak, let us trust that the great war will be over, and thus enable him to review it from a soldier's standpoint.

Very satisfactory indeed is it to note the great success of the London Dairy Show last week. Considerable doubt was expressed beforehand as to the advisability or otherwise of holding it. Many people seemed to think that, in time of war, exhibitions of all kinds should be suppressed. Our opinion was stated very clearly during the course of these discussions. It was to the effect that it would be suicidal to miss the Dairy Show. The exhibition is far more than a collection of animals to be judged by arbitrary points. The Dairy Show has brought into existence the application of rigorous and utilitarian tests for the purpose of ascertaining the milking value of the competing cows. The annual show in London is also a business meeting to which farmers in all parts of the country look forward. This year its importance was enhanced rather than diminished. Those who bring forward the principal exhibits are men and women engaged day by day in producing and preparing an essential part of the food supply of the country, and the energy and activity displayed by them at this juncture are bound to exercise very great influence on that great problem of feeding a nation, which must increase in difficulty with the protraction of military operations.

In the course of a special leaflet sent out by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, called "Hints on Growing the Wheat Crop of 1915," a hint is thrown out which farmers should not miss. This is that there are other crops which are bound to be of as much or even greater value to the country than wheat. In the North oats can be utilised for the family food almost to the exclusion of wheat. "It should also be remembered," says the writer, "that the United Kingdom is practically dependent on its own resources for the supply of potatoes, and that potatoes will produce twice as much human food per acre as wheat, where each crop is grown under conditions which suit it well." This remark is made in order to caution farmers that it would

be unwise to use all or the greater part of their farmyard manure for growing wheat. A great many cultivators, it may be said, are of opinion that nothing suits the cereal better, and certainly in actual practice they manage to obtain very good results in this way. But, still, there is wisdom in the recommendation of the Board that farmyard manures should, as far as possible, be used for root crops. Possibly enough, there may be a very large supply available. Guano, for instance, is used in great quantities by growers of sugar beet, and as the German ports will not be able to get it, much is likely to be landed in this country. Since it is forbidden to import sugar and the price must go up, the growing of beet will now be profitable. So the guano will come in handy!

The agony of Belgium has obscured the grave difficulties of Holland, but, as a Dutch correspondent tells us, the Netherlands deserve our sympathy. Their trade is greatly impaired, their mobilised army is a heavy charge, international law compels them to pay full rates of wages to all interned soldiers and sailors, and the flood of Belgian refugees has submerged their own population. There is a good deal of foolish talk as to the Dutch attitude, and it is implied that their neutrality is markedly benevolent in the direction of Germany. No doubt there are Teuton sympathisers in such international cities as Amsterdam, but anyone who has stayed in the Border Provinces, such as Groningen and Friesland, knows how deep is the Dutch distrust, and even hatred, of Germany. Some supplies, doubtless, reach Germany through Holland, but the suggestion that we should stop this could only be made effective by a declaration of war, and we need to remember that foodstuffs come regularly from Holland to us, which is a grievance to Germany.

The heavy lists of casualties among officers, which make such anxious and distressing reading in our morning newspapers, raise the question as to whether they do not still make too prominent a figure in field fighting. No doubt the high proportion is in itself an honourable symbol of the way they lead instead of driving their men. It may be, however, that their arms and equipment are to some extent responsible. The Army has no definite regulation. In some regiments at the front officers are carrying rifles instead of swords, so that they may not be distinguished from the men. Even the universal use of khaki has left the uniform of officers, especially in the higher ranks, with some differences from the men's uniform more marked than seems to the layman essential, but the question of arms is the more pressing. Swords might go altogether; revolvers are a better protection.

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER, 1914.

St. Luke, you're very high in Heaven,
With crown and palm and sins forgiven . . .
And talk with our Lord God alway,
And *Agnus Dei*.

Pray Mary Queen, if it may be,
To send St. Bridgit down to me,
Nor leave the tender newly-born
And me forlorn.

And then I shall not have one fear,
Or wish at all to keep you here . . .
You may be off whole-hearted then,
To help the men.

Withal, you've made your summer sweet,
Rolling your apples to my feet . . .
And you've so much to do this year—
St. Luke, my dear.

G. JAMES.

Cambridge is rapidly distinguishing itself for its military zeal. Already applications for some 2,000 commissions have successfully been made through the University, and the special committee for dealing with them is still sitting daily. This is a fine record, and fine, too, is the other record, still incomplete, which tells that 4,200 Cambridge men are now serving their country in the war. Cambridge is very proud of the fact that the list is headed by the name of Sir John French of Trinity. Many Belgians are being given a temporary home, and it is hoped that some at least of the exiles from Louvain and Termonde will be able to find suitable scope for their activities on the banks of the Cam. A large number of wounded soldiers is at the base hospital. This hospital was originally in Nevile's Court at Trinity, and the

grey Cloisters, filled with beds and dotted with the blue clothes of the wounded, presented a wonderfully picturesquesque appearance. Now that hospital has been moved to more permanent quarters on the King's and Clare ground, where there is already room for 500 men. While still keeping alive the torch of learning, Cambridge has certainly not failed in the general duties of citizenship. She is "pulling her pound" in the war.

Cambridge University has not confined its energetic help to the Army. It is bestowing a care that is almost maternal on those Belgian students who were driven from their books by the thunder of German cannon and the vandalism of the Kaiser's army. Till fane and college are rebuilt on Belgian soil the University is extending a truly catholic hospitality to the students and professors who have been driven from the Belgian universities, making no distinction, but offering the same welcome to all. Already there are about fifty students and twenty professors in residence, and it is hoped that Professor Van der Henvel, formerly Minister of Justice in the Belgian Kingdom, will come over and take part in the effort. Things are not being done by half. The teaching as well as the hospitality is being organised, and the Master of Christ's, who furnishes the information, says generously that "no want of means must keep any student away." This is a very fine thing for the University to do, since the revival of Belgian prosperity would be greatly retarded if the education of the best of its youth were brought to a standstill.

Undoubtedly there is a considerable difficulty in providing rational amusement for the soldiers who are in camps or billets round London. They have plenty of hard work, but there is also a certain amount of leisure, and it needs no great study to understand the value of providing innocent amusement for these vacant hours. Our contemporary, the *Spectator*, in its latest issue puts the case very bluntly and clearly when it says young women are proving a distraction to the soldier. The suggestion made is that the fathers and mothers of those forward misses should be communicated with in order that they may be discouraged from frequenting the neighbourhood of the camps. We are afraid that this advice, though well meant, is not very practical. The girls in question are in many cases those employed in factories, and they are not very strictly under the influence of their parents, even where the latter are of a character to guide them aright. It would be far better to provide a counter attraction of a kind that would appeal to the young soldier. He is perfectly conscious of the seriousness of the task upon which he is entering, and would probably respond cordially to those who are planning for his more wholesome amusement.

That, in brief, is our chief reason for supporting the plan drawn up by Miss Lena Ashwell for brightening the lives of troops in camp. As is only too well known, there are many members of the profession to which she belongs who have been badly hit by the war, and therefore would be very glad on moderate terms to form themselves into companies. Miss Ashwell calculates that there are forty-five places where entertainments are needed, eighteen within easy reach of London and twenty-seven at a little distance. Supposing there are fifty, then she thinks it would be possible to form fifty companies, each company to play three nights at each place, thus ensuring a frequent change of programme. The company would consist partly of actors and partly of musicians, so that between them they could provide plays and a variety entertainment. Her idea is that the cost in salaries would work out at about £40 a week for each company, the highest salary being £6 a week and the lowest £2 10s. If we allow £10 for hall and light, the entire expense would not be more than £50 a week. Probably this could easily be met by the soldiers paying an admission fee of fourpence. Musicians are very much in the same positions as actors, and might also be easily induced to contribute. We do not forget that the little towns in which the soldiers are quartered are doing their best, but every innocent amusement should be encouraged.

Whatever we may think of the newspaper protests against the common use of "Tommies" as a nickname for our soldiers, they show at least that there is a growing consciousness of the great improvement in the Army. "Thomas Atkins" as a generic name owes its origin to its having been used in the model accounts set out by the old War Office for the benefit of company officers. Corrupted

into the familiar "Tommies," it passed into popular favour during the Boer War. But it rather suggests the fat knight's phrase, "food for powder," and has many disadvantages compared with the older, more dignified, more martial word "soldier." You can call the most distinguished general "soldier," as you can the most obscure private. Lord Kitchener, Sir John French, General Joffre are all soldiers, but even a non-commissioned officer is a bit ruffled if called a "Tommy." The nickname belongs to a vocabulary passing out of fashion. There was a time when the farmer was "Giles," his labourer "Hodge," the ordinary rustic a "chawbacon." A more refined modern taste dislikes the familiarity tinged with contempt of these phrases, and prefers to call a labouring man a labourer. Similarly, the nobler word "soldier" is better than "Tommy." One would scarcely like to call a soldier like the late Mr. Pearson, who fell so gallantly, a "Tommy," and the new Army is leavened with men like him. One feels tempted to add the note "Newspapers please copy!"

It is our pleasant duty to thank those golfers and others who have very generously responded to the appeal made for boots for the Army. Many of the gifts have been on a most liberal scale. A single contributor in Westmorland sent no fewer than nineteen pairs of new boots, besides a quantity that had been used, indeed, but still were in capital condition. Another sent ten pairs, and a great many sent them by two and three pairs. Many golf clubs have forwarded great parcels of from twenty-five to thirty pairs of boots. We do not mention names, as it would be unfair to single out individuals without giving a complete list. We must mention the fact, however, that some have extended their bounty so as to include such articles as overcoats, sleeping-sacks, blankets and compasses. This week in our advertisement columns Colonel Harvey, commanding the 20th Division of the Royal Field Artillery in the New Army, makes an appeal which will not be disregarded. His point is that training is being retarded owing to the fact that no saddlery is available from official sources. Any sportsmen who possess saddlery not in use are requested to place it at the disposal of this unit. Not only complete saddles, but bridles, head collars, bits and snaffles are urgently required.

THE R.A.M.C. AT THE BATTLE OF THE RIVERS.

You help the soldiers brave,
Though canons round you roar,
You face the fiercest strife
And brave the pangs of war.

You count no cost too great,
Though shells around you fly,
Content for duty's sake
To conquer, or to die.

And when the goal is gained,
You know you did your best,
For Britain and your King
You bravely stood the test.

ELLA MARY GORDON.

The boarding-out system for imported remounts which was first suggested in these columns, and was adopted by the Government a few weeks ago, has turned out to be an unqualified success. As will be remembered, the central idea was that those who had the necessary stabling and other qualifications should volunteer to take charge of the remounts brought in from abroad, or such of them as could not for the moment be conveniently dealt with by the War Office. It was suggested that many debarred from taking the field would be only too glad to occupy themselves by making these horses fit and ready for military training. The scheme has been enthusiastically received in the right quarters, and the War Office has been inundated with applications for horses to train. Several correspondents have written to complain that they have not been able to get any. The largeness of the number of applications is a most desirable result. It enables the War Office to select from the applicants those best qualified to handle and condition the horses and reject those who are a little too intent on securing an advantage to themselves. No one can foretell where such a movement can end. It is bringing into close touch with the military centres those private individuals who could most effectually co-operate in a system of military horse breeding commensurate with the ascertained needs of the Army.

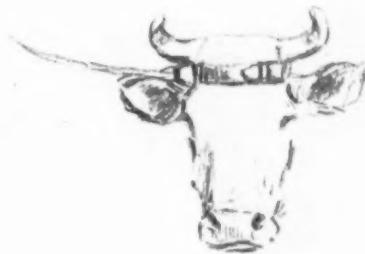
THE DAIRY SHOW.

WHEN the Dairy Show was first started, nearly four decades ago, little did the Council realise that the time would come when it would be held under war conditions and when London would be brought back to the country both as to the hour at which it was to close its public-houses and also in the streets as regards the absence of light. In fact, at present many a country village is much better lit than London. It was contended by some that in these days of the almost universal abandonment of shows, it was next to an act of madness on the part of the Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association to attempt to hold this year's fixture. But the Council considered, on the contrary, that this was one of the most opportune moments in which to bring before the public what the British dairy farmer did and could produce, and they were splendidly supported. Never before has there been such an exhibition of best produce, and the attendance was such that in all probability the Finance Committee, while deliberately resolved under the circumstances to face a loss, will be spared that unpleasant ordeal.

To mention who won prizes conveys little but to those directly interested in the exhibitor. As regards the livestock, the feature undoubtedly was the dairy shorthorns, both pedigree and non-pedigree. It is seldom one sees such a display of pairs of dairy cows as that in which Mr. W. R. Withers, a Somerset dairy farmer, won; while Messrs. Hobbs of Kehm Scott had some splendid milking pedigree shorthorns.

Year by year there has been a manifest improvement in these dairy shorthorns, and it is most pleasing that, though cultivating the big udder and its contents, the breeders have not forgotten the framework that has to carry it. Thus very rapidly the dual purpose animal is being evolved. True, everything cannot be obtained at once. If the milk records are carefully studied, there will be noted a diminution of extreme milkers—the over 1,000 gallons of milk per year cow—and yet the total average is higher. Like all extremes, the last gallons of milk may be too costly to produce fat economically. Content is also slightly better. Thus a somewhat lesser yield has been compensated for by a better quality milk from an improved cow. There was but little variation in the Jerseys. It was rather a set-back to the exponents of the pet dairy breeds to see the Red Polls carrying off the chief milking honours at the close of the show, while Scotland has apparently thrown up the sponge as regards impressing the South with the merits of the Ayrshire, as the entries dwindled down to none this year. The rigid tests applied at the Dairy Show have most certainly done much towards the evolution of a better class dairy cow.

Produce, of course, is a feature of the show, and this most certainly brings out some of the changing conditions. It becomes more and



AN INGENIOUS TETHER.



SCENES AT ISLINGTON.

more evident that butter-making has received a very severe blow from unrestricted foreign competition and the increase of milk selling, and that its manufacture has driven the production gradually westward. The majority of the butter-making prizes went to either Dorset, Devon or Cornwall, and in the butter-making competitions the champion and reserve champion honours both went to Cornwall, as well as the Elkington Cup in the open butter classes.

Yet, hardly more than a decade ago butter was still being made on the old hand and tub system in Cornwall. Credit for the change is in a great measure due to the Cornish County Councils' dairying instructress, Miss Nicholas, who won the milkers' championship at the Dairy Show a few years ago, a notable triumph for well arranged technical education. There were some changes in the cheese section. For many years what has become known as "the battle of the Cheddars" has been waged at each succeeding Dairy Show, and the prizes went mainly by means of the persistency of the strongest judge, whether he was Somerset or Scotch. This year neutral judges were appointed, and their awards were posted before lunch. A notable point of their decision was that they did not favour either the hard cheese of the North or the extreme soft, silky curd of the South, but instead cheese with a considerable amount of flavour, even approaching to what is known as "tasty." It has evidently not been a good Stilton year, and sales for the dessert cheeses were slow as compared with the strong demand for second qualities. This would seem as though the better class households were economising, and that others kept on as usual, despite the war.

A most outstanding feature in the cheese section is the fact that, despite a huge amount of propaganda and much pushing by agricultural teachers, the real soft cheeses are becoming nearly a negligible quantity. There is absolutely no improvement to be recorded



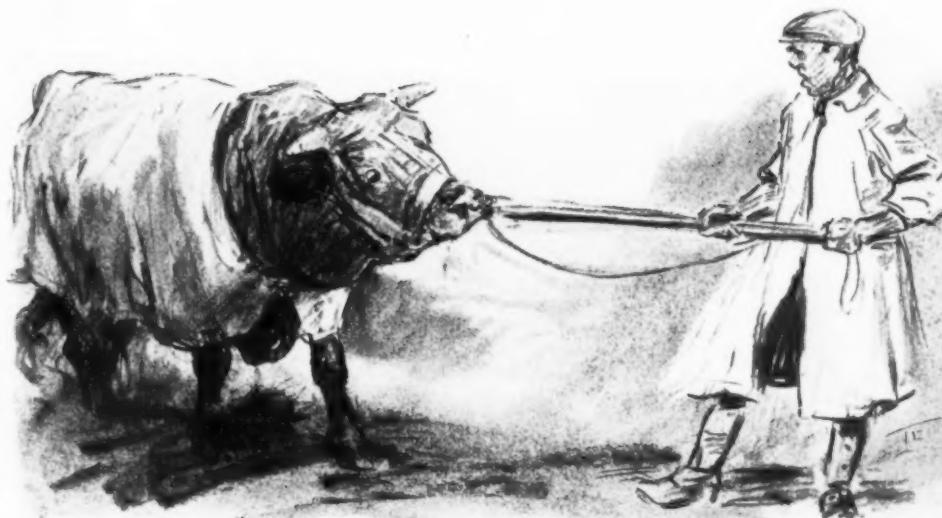
DISCONSOLATE.

in the cream cheese class, while Gervais and other makes are practically gone. There may be other causes for this, but I believe it is the wasteful character of these cheeses and the abominable smell associated with some of them that prevent the English housewife from adopting them.

The root section is now entirely handled by farmers, and some excellent feeding roots were shown. New implements were scarce, and the Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association is evidently becoming more chary about awarding medals by mere inspection. The novelty this year was a method of sterilising milk by means of ultra-violet rays. The apparatus is a most compact one, but it has to submit to further tests. The table poultry were this year staged in a much better light. But here, as at the Smithfield Show, there was ample evidence of the



FORGETTING THE COWS FOR THE WAR NEWS.



"COOM ON, KAISER BILL!"

over-crammed birds. In the duck classes, could not limits be determined by weight? Indian runners or small ducks might be set at not to exceed 8lb. per couple, mediums 12lb. and crammed specimens beyond this. His Majesty the King was an exhibitor of working homer pigeons. On the whole the Dairy Show fully justified its being held even in war time.

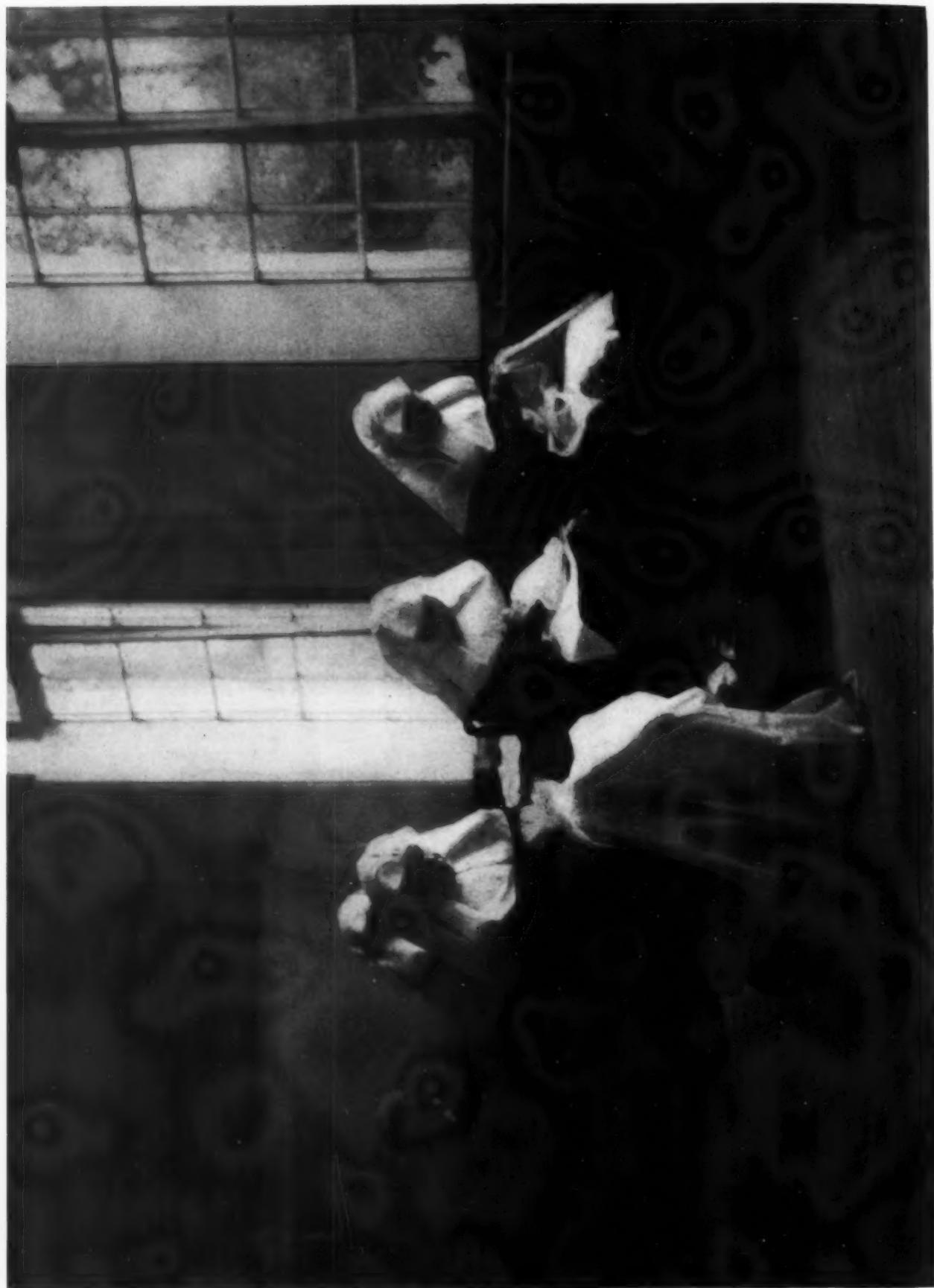
ELDRED WALKER.

VON BERNHARDI ON THE TRAINING OF TROOP HORSES

THE name of General von Bernhardi has been much before the world of late. But whatever we think of his views about international justice, no one can deny that he is a first-rate cavalry officer. His famous book on "Cavalry" was introduced to the notice of English readers by Sir John French himself. It occurred to me that while no one but a cavalry soldier was entitled to express an opinion on the military theories of such a book, yet that at the present time, when, as we hope, so many English horsemen are engaged, or will shortly be engaged, in training horses for service in the ranks of cavalry, it might be profitable to examine Bernhardi's book from the point of view of the horse-master and horseman. Two things are assumed in it—that the German cavalry will be employed in a European war and that they will be mounted on big, well-bred horses. Baron von Bernhardi approaches the question entirely from the point of view of the cavalry tactician, and, of course, not at all from that of the sportsman, a point of view he is known to despise and condemn. We are not surprised, then, to find that he falls into an error, not uncommon among military writers, of treating the horse far too much as a machine. Like the ostler's account of the lady to whom a horse had been let on hire, he thinks "that an 'oss is an 'oss, and he must go." The duty he demands from cavalry in scouting presupposes horses fit and well fed, and those who have seen something of campaigning know that this is a most difficult and almost impossible state of things to attain. When cavalry is advancing as a screen or scouting into a hostile country, long marches with heavy burdens must be the order of the day, and on the hypothesis on which the general works, the cavalry must be a long way ahead of the transport. Big, well-bred horses require a great deal of food, far more than a body of cavalry can possibly take with them into an enemy's country, unless their transport is to be far more of a burden than it ought to be. Enterprising cavalry is sure to be in advance of its transport, and in an enemy's country is not likely, and, at all events, not certain, to find much forage available. Even where some is found there will be much green hay and new oats, and some of the horses will be affected by this. The horses soon begin to lose condition, and, as General Bernhardi rightly reminds us, a thin horse is a weak horse. Thus regiments grow rapidly less effective as they go on. When at last the cavalry come into contact with the enemy they are unable, as has been the case with the Germans in this war, to withstand the onslaught of the enemy's horse. If there is any equality between the fighting powers of two bodies of cavalry, the men on fresh horses will always win if the conditions are fairly equal. The German cavalry have been, no doubt, doing what they were taught to do, but they have, it is said, required to be refitted and remounted twice already. On the other hand, our cavalry, officered by sportsmen whose whole private training has obliged them in

the hunting field or between the flags to study and consider the powers of the horse, have lost, except by bullet wounds, comparatively few horses, and have shown manifest superiority to the German horsemen when they have come into conflict with them. It is, indeed, very seldom in warfare that two bodies of cavalry come into actual collision, both sides being equally eager for the fray; but when this does happen, the men on the best fed and freshest horses have several points in their favour. If an unlimited supply of trained remounts were available, cavalry might do all General von Bernhardi demands; but since no country, and least of all Germany, has an unlimited supply of horses available, the choice must be made between long marches ahead and fresh horses for the day of battle. Troops pushed forward ahead of their forage will certainly fail for want of horseflesh in the day of battle. A great reserve of horses Germany has not, for General von Bernhardi himself tells how few riding horses are kept since the advent of motors into Germany; whereas we are conscious of a fine reserve still in our hunt horses and polo ponies, even after the large number which have gone to the front from these sources alone. No doubt General von Bernhardi's cavalry tactics and strategy are splendid, but if he had been a sportsman he would have modified some of his advice from the knowledge that a horse's powers are limited after all. But according to the old tag, "it is sound sense to learn from the enemy," and the man who is training horses for the cavalry will do well to study the part of the book which deals with the training of horses. In the first place the General lays the greatest stress on the point of balance. His ideal troop horse carries his head in the right place, has his fore-hand light and his quarters well under him. Then comes a golden passage which should be taken to heart by all who have to train horses, "the essence of training is to improve continually on the individual training of the horse . . . continual care must be taken to check any inclination to tricks, excitability or stubbornness that may show itself." Then, again, there is a valuable hint for those who are training horses intended to serve in the ranks: "Exercises at rapid paces must, however, be undertaken with the greatest care. A horse should never be allowed to get out of hand, but must be collected and not lean on the bit. It is best to carry out this part of the training across country"; or, again, "great importance must be attached to accustoming all horses as soon as they have reached a certain standard of training to go across country, as independently as possible, i.e., without appreciable assistance from the bridle, and to gallop over various kinds of ground and surmount various kinds of obstacles. In these exercises more attention should be attached to scrambling than to jumping. Jumping must, however, be diligently practised, especially over wet and dry ditches." What admirable counsels these are! Everyone who has been hog-hunting in India or has hunted hounds knows what an advantage it is to have a horse that can go thus independently over all kinds of ground. Like the huntsman, the cavalry soldier needs to have his eyes free to use, and every horseman knows that the horse under these circumstances must be able and allowed to go "independently." There is another remark which struck me as very sound: "The horse should be ridden with one hand, and all four reins in that one hand." This is valuable, because the cavalryman on the field will be less heavy handed with four reins than two, and the horse more supple when thus handled.

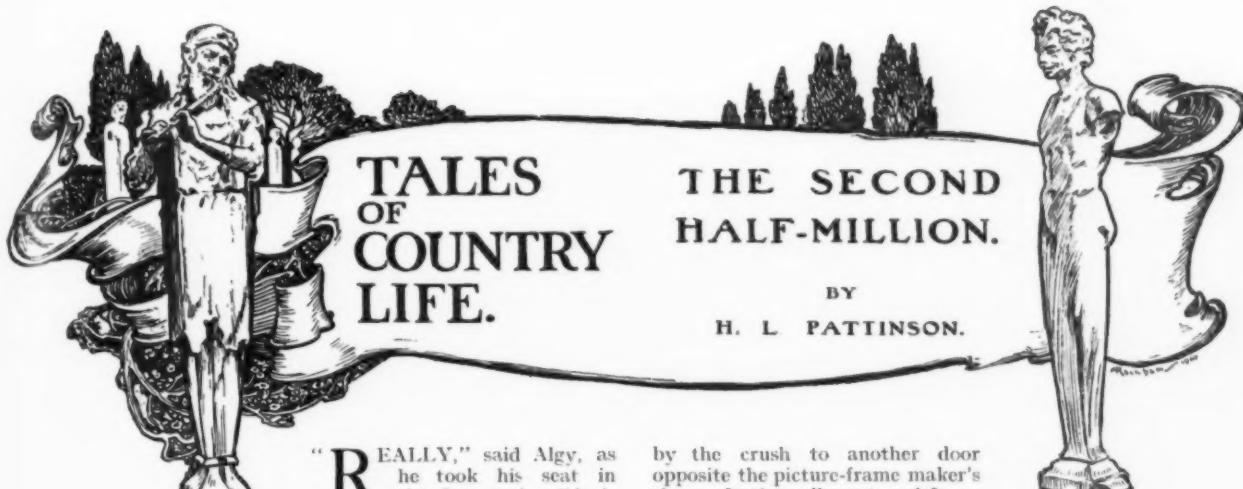
On the subject of the supply of horses for the cavalry General von Bernhardi has some admirable precepts. After remarking on the insufficient supply of trained horses which will be available in time of war—a prophecy which is probably in course of fulfilment at the present time—he goes on: "The home market should be encouraged in every way, and remount premiums should be offered so that horse-breeding may become a remunerative industry." This is the problem, and we may hope that the Board of Agriculture will turn its first leisure to finding a solution for it. Then comes a suggestion which seems useful: "A system might be introduced similar to that in use in Switzerland, where the reservist belonging to a country district receives on completion of his service with the colours a trained riding horse for his own use, the State retaining the right to inspect the horse and use it when required." X.



Miss Agnes B. Warburg.

BELGIAN NUNS WORKING FIELD LIFE SOLDIERS.

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THE SECOND HALF-MILLION.

BY
H. L. PATTINSON.

"**R**EALLY," said Algy, as he took his seat in the 8.15 train, "it is very funny how this war business takes some people. Reggie has gone clean dotty, it seems to me. You may believe me or not, but the poor beggar means to enlist to-day."

"Rot!" we all said.

"It isn't rot," retorted Algy. "He's going by this train—if he doesn't miss it. Must have a slap at the Germans," he says."

"Reggie?" we exclaimed in chorus.

"Why, he's not fit," added George. "He had a bad lung three months ago."

"Cheap swank, I call it," commented Bert. "Knows they won't take him. What could they do with a slab-sided, hock-bottle-shouldered chap like him? Now, if it was one of us—"

"Shut up, Bert," interrupted Algy. "Here he comes. He's going to miss it. Open the door. Hi! Reggie, here we are."

The train was moving quite quickly when Reggie almost fell into the carriage; was helped in, and landed finally, gasping, on the vacant seat.

"Near thing that," said George. "Better late than never. Get out the cards. Loo to-day, isn't it?"

We always play cards on the way to the office. The eight of us fill the carriage, and we play Loo, Poker, Nap and Van John on alternate days, all the way to Cannon Street. One day with another George makes his lunch on the way up. That was why he was so keen to begin. But somehow or other the curiosity about Reggie had put us off this day.

"Nothin' doin'," said Charlie. "I want to hear about Reggie. You don't mean to enlist, old chap, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Reggie.

"But why, old chap? Why?" said Charlie. "They've got half a million already, and they can't clothe and arm them. Don't you know there are three hundred thousand Territorials, besides the Regulars? Then there are the Indians, seventy thousand, and a deuce of a lot of Canadians and Australians. They'll finish the Germans among them, you bet. And don't forget the Fleet, my boy. The Germans daren't face it, I tell you. Hiding in their beastly canals for fear we catch them out. No need for you, dear old sport."

"I know all that," said Reggie, firmly, "but I'm going."

"But why?" repeated Charlie.

"I know you fellows won't understand," said Reggie, "but still, I'm going."

"You said you wouldn't, day before yesterday," observed Bert.

"So I did," admitted Reggie, "but that night——"

"You had something that did not agree with you for tea," put in George, brutally.

Reggie laughed.

"I knew you would think it all a dream. But it did not seem so to me."

"Put away the cards," said Algy. "I'd like to hear your dream, Reggie. We won't laugh. Get it off your chest, old man."

"You can hear the yarn, if you like," said Reggie, "though I don't expect you to believe it."

"I don't think I was asleep. I was kind of thinking about things, when all at once it all came plain to me. I thought I was going to the Inland Revenue Office to have a bill stamped, when I was astonished to find myself in a regular crowd. They had papers in one hand and sixpences in the other, and they fought and struggled at the door, just as if it was a free show at a cinema. Such a queer lot they were, too. Toffs and Boy Scouts; navvies and clerks; 'out-of-works' and 'in-works'; ragged and smart; old and young; and all in a hurry—at least all that wanted to get into the door were in a hurry. But on the other side of the street a lot of soldiers and Territorials stood looking on and cheering."

"I could not get in at that door, but I remembered that Willie Wood could let me in through his office. I found the place full of clerks raking in the tanners and working the stamping presses like mad. I got my bill stamped, and was carried along

by the crush to another door opposite the picture-frame maker's shop. In they all went, and I saw them handing up the same size sheet of paper, all stamped, and having it fitted into a frame. As soon as that was done, they went away looking quite contented.

"Then I saw Tommy Jinks all over smiles, and he was hugging one of the frames. 'What have you got there, Tommy?' says I. 'My picture,' says he. And then he showed it to me. There was nothing in the frame but a piece of paper, stamped, and I read:

"Recruiting Station.

"Royal Exchange.

"Thomas Jinks of Eltham has this day been accepted for Kitchener's Army. Medically fit.

"(A signature I could not read)

"Recruiting Officer."

"That's when you are a bit of all right," said Tommy. "But Willie here is a 'wrong un.' But it's a picture all the same. Show him, Willie."

"This paper read:

"William Slocum of Eltham has this day been rejected for Kitchener's Army through not coming up to the standard required."

"It's just as good as the other," said Tommy. "But what the deuce does it mean?" I says. "Wait a few years and you'll see," answered Tommy, and then I seemed to lose him in the crowd."

"The place seemed to change, just as it does at the cinema. I was sitting in what I knew was my own house, and my wife was there."

"Was it Clara?" asked Bertie, nudging George.

"You shut your head, Bertie," said Reggie. "Clara ain't nothing to you."

"Don't get your shirt out," says George. "Tell us the rest."

"There was a lot of other fellows in the room," continued Reggie. "I knew them all, but they seemed older, and they were all gassing about the war which was over. Some said how they had been to Berlin. Some had helped to dig the Dreadnoughts out of the Kiel Canal. Others had had a rare old time at Paris, and Willie Wood told us how a French girl had kissed him. Fancy kissing Willie Wood, I'll trouble you!"

"Then someone said we were to have conscription here. 'And quite right too,' said Willie. 'What right has a chap to vote in a country when he won't learn to defend it? I'm all right,' says he, 'I've got my picture.' 'And so have I,' said all the others. Then I saw Clara turn away to the wall, and I'll swear she wiped her eyes. 'What's the matter, Clara?' says I, for I could see her eyes were red. 'Oh, nothing,' says she. 'Nothing, Reggie, I'm took that way sometimes. It'll be all right when Johnnie comes home.' There was a noise outside. Just a lot of kids shouting. You could not hear what they said. But then the door burst open and in came the finest little kid you ever saw. He was a fat little chap, about eight, with fair curly hair, rigged out like those Boy Scouts. I can't tell you how I knew he was our kid; but if I had not known it before, I should have when I saw Clara run to him and take him in her arms. 'What is it, my darling?' says she. 'Why are you so late? And, oh! what have you been doing to your face?' 'I've been fighting,' says he. 'Fighting! Oh, Johnnie, I told you not to fight.' 'I couldn't help it,' says he. 'I was fighting for father.' 'Fighting for me,' says I. 'What for?' Then he began to cry. 'It was Jeremy Burns,' he sobbed. 'He said you were a coward. I said he was a liar. Then he said you had not got a picture, and I said you had. Then he hits me, and I hits him, and I'd have licked him too; but the others came up, and when they heard what it was about, they said I was a liar, and booted me all the way to the door.' 'I'll settle them,' says I, rushing to the door. But Clara burst into tears and held me back. 'Reggie,' she says, 'you must not touch them. It can't be helped. You know you have not got a "picture."'

"Then I seemed to wake up, and I saw what it all meant. We are in for the biggest war that ever was. I tell you, they'll talk of it all the rest of our lives. And they'll ask us what we

did in it, and I'm damned if my wife and children shall have to blush for me."

There was a pause. Then George said : " Where do they recruit ? "

" It's a long way to Tipperary," sang Algy. " Come with me and I'll show you."

" We'll all go," they said. " We'll have as good a picture as Tommy Jinks."

AN ANCIENT RACE OF HOUNDS.

I DO not suppose for a moment that the bloodhound of the present time bears an exact resemblance to his progenitors, the black St. Huberts, that came across the Channel with William the Conqueror, any more than does the modern mastiff to the powerful brutes that were exported from these islands by the Romans to fight in the arena at Rome, but, amid all the changes wrought by time and man, we may assume that a generic resemblance remains. From the two varieties of St. Hubert, the black and the white, doubtless most of our hounds have sprung, and sportsmen owe a debt to the good Abbot that cannot easily be repaid. Century after century, amid civil commotion and the passing of monarchs, these hounds have ministered to the pleasures of the sport-loving English, teaching us lessons in endurance, noble endeavour and Christian toleration. The other day I read a complaint from a German paper that we looked upon fighting as a sport instead of approaching it with the high-minded seriousness of the apostles of culture from the Fatherland. " Culture " of the Teutonic blend

is a word that will stink in the nostrils of every decent-minded man for many a year to come. We prefer the British way on the battlefield. Let it be admitted at the same time that hounds and hunting have brought trouble into the world before to-day. At that high feast at Camelot, you may recall, when King Arthur was wedded to Dame Guenevere, " right so as they sat, there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round ; as he went by the other tables, the white brachet caught him by the

buttock, and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap, and overthrew a knight that sat at the table's side ; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet."

This introduced us to the Diana of the period, who rode in on white palfrey, making a pretty how-d'you-do because she said the bitch was hers, and there no wonder then when she was gone the King was glad, because she made such noise." Altogether this business caused a good deal of bother, which no doubt led several people to condemn the white hart and the white brachet that seized him, as well as the knight who rode off with the latter, for Sir Gawaine was sent away in search of the hart. Sir Tor was ordered to bring again the brachet and the knight, while King Pellinore went after the lady. One never knows the mischief that comes from quarrelling about hounds. Sir Gawaine, in his eagerness, did a thing that was not altogether sporting — he slipped three couple of greyhounds after the hart, who was slain in a castle, the owner of which retaliated by



T. Fall.

ULPIAN'S HEAD.

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killing two of the hounds, whereupon Sir Gawaine was much wrath, saying : " Why have you killed my hounds, for they did but their kind, and I had rather ye had worked your anger upon me than the dumb beasts." So they fall to in the usual manner, Sir Gawaine downs his man, and is about to remove his head when Diana, coming on the scene, falls on the prostrate knight and is decapitated instead. Altogether a lamentable ending to a little bickering over a white brachet.

We may safely infer, I think, that the black hounds Malory had in mind were the early bloodhounds, and the white bitch

a Talbot. In the process of time the latter has gone under or become mingled with other varieties, but the black and tan hound remains. The chances are that if it had not been for the much-despised shows, he would have suffered the fate of his cousin, but happily the gods decreed otherwise, and now the wheel seems to have made a complete revolution. More and more is he being put to his legitimate work of man-hunting. Before many years elapse, unless all the portents are awry, bloodhounds will be found attached to headquarters of most of the county police throughout the land.

Many breeders train their hounds as well as exhibit them, among the number being Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin of Arle Court, Cheltenham, the owner of the originals of the photographs with which our article is illustrated this week. Being a hunting man before he was a bloodhound man, Mr. Unwin naturally puts much stress upon hound properties, and he has a happy knack of getting heavy, straight bone, well carried down, with excellent hind quarters. Look particularly at the picture of Uniform, by Warboy of Tirnaska ex Chatley Emerald, and note how cleanly he is put together. He won the challenge certificate at the Association of Bloodhound Breeders' Trials near Cheltenham two years ago. Undine is another that well bears inspection, and from a show point of view she excels the dog in head properties. Coming out at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show last May as a puppy, she topped all her classes and went home with the bitch challenge certificate. She was bred by Mr. A. Hirst, by Champion Porthos ex Vera, and her litter brother, Ulpian, keeps her company in the kennels. This youngster, too, did as well as his sister at the show mentioned until he reached the open class, when Champion Old Ship Usher and Ledburn Beau Brummel beat him. At that time he was not fully enough furnished to stand up to the champions, but he has a wonderful head, as may be seen from his photograph. Undine, I understand, has matured a lot since the end of May. I should have mentioned that a month earlier at Cheltenham, as well as being first in every class in which she appeared, she was awarded the cup for the best in the show. Both are through dis temper, I am glad to say.

In Uvula we have an unshown red bitch who looks a stormer that should put the best through their paces when she meets them in a happier and more settled future. In her head, speaking from the photograph, we have expressed all that breeders are seeking, and she inevitably recalls several past notabilities. She is endowed with a constitution of iron, which demonstrates that inbreeding is not always deleterious to the constitution. Her father was Champion Porthos, who sired her dam, which gives us pretty close consanguinity. Ursula, an uncommonly nice type of hound, whose numerous wins at shows include two challenge certificates, has also won at every field trial at which she has competed. She was third in the open championship stake in 1912, which was won by her brother, Uniform. Utterance, her daughter, another show-bench victor, has a lovely voice, which she throws freely when hunting, but unfortunately she has no chance of using it in public until the Kaiser has stopped using his. She produced Uvula in her first attempt at maternal duties, and she has recently left a second litter of quite exceptional quality.



UNDINE, BY CH. PORTHOS—VERA.



ULPIAN, BY CH. PORTHOS—VERA.



T. Fall.

UNIFORM, BY WARBOY—CHATLEY EMERALD.

Copyright.



UNDINE'S HEAD.



UVULA'S EXTRAORDINARY WRINKLE.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Unwin has an uncommonly fine lot of hounds at the present moment, and he is also affording hospitality to those owned by Captain John Heseltine of the King's Royal Rifles. I regret to say that Captain Heseltine was badly wounded in the early stages of the war, and all who know him will wish him speedy recovery. A brother of Colonel Christopher Heseltine and Captain Godfrey Heseltine, he is a member of the Committee of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, a body that is also deprived temporarily of the assistance of its vice-chairman, the Marquess of Ailesbury. It will be news to many that that crusty old champion, Porthos, has paid the inevitable penalty of growing old, and is now under the turf. Being in his tenth year, he has had a fair innings. I do not think I am far wrong in saying that he was the most prominent hound of recent years, his type being everything that could be wished, and more closely approximating to that of the classic hounds than most. To Mr. S. H. Mangin belongs the honour of having bred him. He was a puppy when I was introduced to him by his then owner, Mr. Miller, and one did not need a skilled eye to decide that he was something out of the common. He was a queer-tempered old reprobate in many ways, but one forgave his crabbed manners for his good looks. Perhaps it is not kindly to mention the failings of the dead, and it is really unnecessary to do so except to point out that he was entirely an exception to the ordinary run of bloodhounds, a surly dispositioned one rarely appearing. In fact, I do not know of any variety that is more uniformly good-tempered, or more devoted to master or mistress in a somewhat boisterous manner. Their only drawback as companions indoors is the habit common to all loose-lipped dogs of slobbering a bit. Even in this respect, however, they differ, and in all other

ways they are aristocrats of aristocrats. When a panacea for distemper is discovered, a great impetus should be given to the breed, which is already distinctly progressing. I can never recall a time at which classes filled better at shows, and there are more individual owners now than ten years ago. Everything should be done to encourage breeding of these hounds against the demand that I hope the future will bring from the police.

DOGS IN HARNESS.

IN the interesting article on the Cart-dogs of Belgium in COUNTRY LIFE of the 17th inst., "G." does not seem altogether certain as to the legality or otherwise of so employing dogs in this country. In reality, total prohibition dates back to 1855, but seventeen years earlier an ancient Act had been disinterred and enforced in London, a clause of which forbade the use of dogs "for the purposes of drawing, or helping to draw, any cart, carriage, truck or barrow." From what I can learn, the resuscitation of this musty statute was more attributable to the nuisance caused by barking dogs than by any consideration for their physical welfare. First thing in the morning and later in the evening, when their services were most in request, the din was too nerve-racking for inhabitants of the metropolis, with the result that working men and small traders, especially butchers and costermongers, were deprived of the advantages of a cheap form of traction. In 1855 the Act was made applicable to any public highway in any part of the United Kingdom, the principal sufferers this time being small farmers who were in the habit of taking round butter, milk and eggs to their customers. It is easily demonstrable that, with proper restrictions, the



T. Fall.

UTTERANCE, BY CH. PORTHOS—URSULA.

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use of dogs in this manner need not of necessity imply the infliction of cruelty, especially now that pneumatic tires and bicycle wheels would render possible the construction of a light form of cart running easily on ball bearings. In Arctic exploration a weight of from 100lb. to 150lb. may be allocated to each dog : but on rough ice the work is arduous, and many an unfortunate serves as meat for his surviving comrades. Away

in far Alaska is a peculiar local breed known as the Huskie, that is much used. I can recall an illustration of a most ingenious cart that appeared in one of the Canadian papers. Three huskies were harnessed abreast to the vehicle in which the driver rode, attached to this being a long shaft with two small wheels in front of the dogs. By means of reins the driver steers these front wheels at will.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

THE ENGLISH NAME.

By OSWALD BARRON.

THERE was an English mother with her brood about her, holiday-making in a woodland of France. The white château, French as French could be, was half a mile away by the river, and there was an avenue of very tall poplars in sight. "We might be in England," said the English mother. But the little girl said No. You simply couldn't think you were in England while you knew that the place was called Fontenay-les-Eglantines. A piece of real England with so many trees in it would be called Brockenhurst. Of course the little girl was quite right. It is not even enough to have English ground with English folk on it. A real bit of England must have an English name to it, a name as English and as old as the old oak trees.

A man who has power over but an acre of England should deal reverently with his acre. It is an acre of the land his old English forefathers lost and his Norman forefathers won. His acre is a piece of the England for which Englishmen all the world over have battled by land and sea. Nelson died for that acre and Shakespeare sang about it. Be sure that, even though it be a scrubby patch by a suburban railway station, railed in with a broken iron railing and calling itself a Desirable Building Site Ripe for Development, the acre has, somewhere under the heart of it, an elf's arrow-head of flint and a brass Roman penny, a dead man's bones and the red rust-stain that was a dead man's sword. By these signs you will know that it is holy ground and an authentic part of England.

Therefore many things are unlawful to the freeholder of an English acre. Many things he may do boldly. He may tear up the green turf and lay concrete foundations for an iron foundry, with a tall chimney to it. He may build there a good house that shall weather sweetly while the hedges of the yew walk grow dark and thick. He may make a bowling-green or a graveyard of his acre. All these things are lawful. But he may not fence his acre with an advertisement hoarding that shall cry up pickles and American pills until the speculative builder be ready to accept a building lease. If he build on the acre he must build in an English fashion—no semi-detached Greek temples, no jerry-cum-tumble work in shamming half-timber and Brummagem stained glass, no folly of Chinese pagoda patched with Florentine villa. If the acre be ancient woodland a pious man will not set sapling exotics among old beech and oak. An acre of English garden land may not be given over to a Japanese gardener to play his pretty oriental hanky-panky therein, with a vermillion bridge and a stone lantern and a water lily pool and a dwarf forest. When all these wickednesses have been eschewed there remains the matter of the name, a matter that causes over many Englishmen, householders of semi-detached villas, lords of many acres in ring fences, to fall into sin.

Now, even though you live in a by-street, newly driven across suburban clay, in No. 27 of a brand new row of little houses that end at the last lamp-post with No. 100, and though the by-street has forgotten all histories and memories of the days when its site was a flat of the open land, it is very wicked indeed to call No. 27 by the name of Balquhidder or Sans Souci or Chatsworth or Bella Vista. No. 27 is in England and not in the braes of Perthshire. You are not a Frenchman nor a Frenchified Prussian king. Chatsworth is not your house, but a duke's in Derbyshire, and, though you may admire the view of No. 28 opposite, as seen through your drawing-room curtains, you are no Italian that you should cry Bella Vista to it. If you must have a name as well as a number, let your wife give an old hat for six-pennyworth of evergreen in a pot, bed it out and call your house "The Laurels" like a man and an Englishman, shaming the borough council that has allowed "Killarney Avenue" to be read upon enamelled iron at the street corner.

Once upon a time there was an old English house of red brick, with lichens on it, with a grey weather-boarded gable and an old tiled roof on which the house-leeks grew in fat cushions. It was on top of a little hill in marshland, and house and hill had been called Dogberry Beacon time out of mind. A farmer, who could tell seven tales about smugglers, and most of a very fine story of a highwayman, lived in that house, and the fairies danced round it every Midsummer night. A rich man, with an eye, as he said, for something quaint and old-fashioned, bought out the farmer, lock, stock and barrel. He built iron and glass orchid-houses at one end and a new billiard-room for a full-size table at the other end of the old house. He planted copper beeches and laid down a broad carriage drive that ran past the front door to the barn, which he had made into a car-shed that he called a garage. All these things were sinful doings. But it was not until he changed the name of Dogberry Beacon for Darjeeling Lodge that the fairies stopped dancing round the house and that misfortune came upon him. He lost all his money—which was in jute—and Darjeeling Lodge has been for years in the hands of the house agents, who describe in vain its acetylene gas installations and its full-size billiard-room.

It would seem that the soul of a place is in the name of it. Take the name away, change it for new-fangled words, and you have killed a bit of England. How long is it since we pulled down Sir John Crosby's noble house in Bishopsgate, the last mediaeval house in the City of London? London city, unless you know where to slip under the archway or turn down by the narrow alley, would be, but for the parish churches, a dull enough huddle of new banks and new insurance offices and new commodious Suites of Offices. But the soul of Old London of all the ages still feebly inhabits the City because the names remain. There is Cheapside. There is Eastcheap. There is Cornhill. There is Paternoster Row. There is Lombard Street. Look and find Hanging Sword Alley and Belle Savage Yard and Budge Row and Walbrook and Laurence Pountney Lane and Old Jewry and Chichester Rents. Think upon these and bless the fates that make you a citizen where streets have names of such noble flavour. If your business be among them, bless the kindly fates which let you put such a name as London Wall on your letter-paper, considering well that it is for no merit of your own that you are not at a desk in West Forty-seventh Avenue.

Outside the City it is not so well. You come westward through kindly names of old renown, by Temple Bar to the Strand, past Covent Garden and past the street that can still remember that it was once green and a Long Acre. In the near suburbs change has wrought wickedly. One might forgive the weak vanity of Gloucester Road, that broke with history and would no more be called Hogmire Lane. But what shall be said for a Brompton street, called Thistlegrove ever since the time when the thistledown blew across the grass there, that would be Drayton Gardens, South Kensington?

A good man played fairy godfather to a forlorn waste of a new London road. He called it Aldwych, and already there are signs of life in that broad track for which we paid so dearly with New Inn and Holywell Street and much more. Under such an English name it may yet flourish. There are those who would have damned it for ever as King Edward VII. Avenue. Avenues have no part in English towns. It was not enough that they should cut down the trees of the old Mall and drive away the cows and broaden the roadway until it looked like the State road to a German palace. An enemy of his country began calling The Mall the Royal Processional Road. But we checked him: we checked him and saved the monarchy and, maybe, the country. For it is the name that matters; the right English name is charm and spell.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN WAR.

ONE of the most striking features of the campaign in Western Europe, and one which differentiates the present struggle from any previous war, is the vast use which is being made of mechanical transport. The motor is omnipresent in the area affected by the war, and for many purposes the horse has been almost entirely superseded, an outcome of modern progress in locomotion which no one will regret. The armies are fed, the firing lines are supplied with ammunition, the wounded are removed from the field, despatches are carried, heavy guns are moved and staff officers are conveyed from one point to another, all by the aid of the petrol-propelled vehicle in one shape or another, with the result that the mobility of the troops is enormously increased and operations of a complicated character are carried out with a speed and facility hitherto undreamt of. Even for offensive purposes the motor has shown its utility, and as the war progresses an increasing number of armoured cars are being put into service on either side for raiding and to meet the attacks of marauding bands of cavalry. The armoured car, however, is still in its infancy, though before the war is ended it may well be that it will attain to an efficiency as a fighting unit which the present crude machines mostly lack.

It may be doubted if even the Germans, with all their years of preparation and study of military problems, thoroughly appreciated how large and important a part the mechanically propelled vehicle would play in the wars of the future. Certainly in our own case an enormous mechanical transport department had to be built up on the somewhat slender foundation which alone existed at the end of July. A huge number of vehicles of one sort or another were commandeered in the early days of the war, and it is even prophesied that if hostilities are continued for as long as the pessimists prophesy, the motor omnibus will become a far more familiar sight on the French roads than in the streets of our own cities. Every big manufacturer of suitable machines is working overtime to supply the insistent demands of the War Office, as not only have the requirements of the new armies to be met, but the huge wastage which is inevitable on active service has to be made good.

For the moment there is no time to spare to alter existing standard types; but when the early pressure is relaxed, an attempt will doubtless be made to modify designs in the light of the experience which is being gained week by week. In nearly every respect the motor has been proved vastly superior to the horse; but it has its serious defects, nevertheless. Larger wheels and broader tires, we believe, would be an advantage where hard macadam

roads have to be left for surfaces of a less resisting character. Particularly is this the case where bridges have been destroyed and pontoon and other temporary structures have been erected with hastily made approach roads, often with a steep gradient. Half a dozen transport wagons stuck at such a point owing to their wheels failing to obtain the necessary grip of the surface might easily block an entire supply column, with serious results.



RED CROSS AMBULANCES: OLD STYLE AND NEW.

Many thrilling tales are told of the adventures of the transport drivers, and it has been shown that pluck, endurance and intelligence are as much demanded under the new conditions in this branch of the Service as in any other. The complexion of a modern battle changes so rapidly that an officer in charge of transport has often to decide between carrying out his orders, given, perhaps, in



A MOTOR TRANSPORT CROSSING A PONTOON.

ignorance of the real state of affairs, and acting upon intelligence gathered on the road. A young officer in charge of a number of ammunition wagons was ordered to proceed with all speed to a certain village. On the way he was told repeatedly and apparently on trustworthy authority that the village had been occupied by the Germans and that to go any further was to

court certain capture. In his perplexity he chose a middle course and, halting the bulk of his convoy a couple of miles short of his destination, advanced with the remainder to what seemed certain disaster. The village, as it proved, was still held by the British troops, who were hard pressed through lack of ammunition and had been anxiously awaiting the promised supplies.

It is, however, from the despatch riders that most of the tales of personal adventure on the road are derived. Most of these men are private motorists, owners of powerful cars, who have volunteered for the work and been recruited through the Royal Automobile Club. Many of them have seen more of the actual fighting than almost anyone in the Army, as their duties constantly take them close

up to the firing line, and their experience, unlike that of the actual combatants, is not confined to a fixed and restricted neighbourhood. The work calls for a cool head, a high degree of driving skill, the ability to detect and remedy without delay any defect which may occur in the car, and the pluck which can stand being shot at without the possibility of retaliation, except, perhaps, at close quarters.

We heard of one case in which one of the little corps found himself in a dilemma which called for no small degree of "nerve." He had taken a staff officer up to the firing line, and was told to await his return. Presently the troops commenced to retire, and he found himself exposed to an increasing volume of shell and rifle fire. He was repeatedly warned to "clear out" before it was too late, and it seemed difficult to account for the non-appearance of his passenger, except on the ground that he had been killed or wounded, an event which

seemed very likely in the existing circumstances. The probability of a German prison or worse had ripened into a practical certainty, when the officer suddenly appeared, breathless but unhurt. A minute or two sufficed to place the two beyond danger, but the motorist will always remember those ten minutes as the most anxious that he ever experienced.

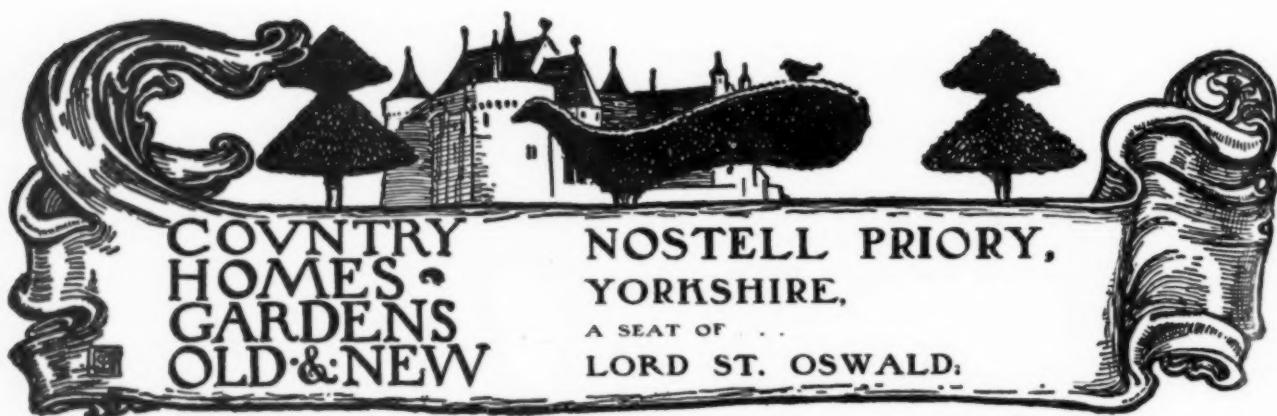
On the ambulance side of the Army's work the private motorist is also playing a conspicuous part. The horse ambulance is becoming obsolete, but for the moment the supply of motor ambulances is woefully deficient. Here, as we have already pointed out in our columns, is an excellent opening for the well-to-do motorist. Ordinary cars can be converted cheaply and speedily into first-rate ambulances, and the need for the latter is practically unlimited. The Red Cross Society is endeavouring to cope with the demand, and all enquiries should be addressed to them at their offices in Pall Mall.



ON A FRENCH ROAD.



A BREAKDOWN UNDER FIRE.



IT is a part of the humanities of architecture that, unlike other forms of art, rival schools of thought can combine in a result, which becomes interesting by the very contrast, and even conflict, of their ideals. Most of us prefer an English cathedral, combining in a wonderfully complex whole the work of many generations, to its French rival produced *d'une seul jet*. Such is the interest that attaches to Nostell, where the earlier tradition of the first half of the eighteenth century is abruptly challenged by the later ideals of a newer school. This was due to the appearance of Robert Adam, an artistic revolutionary who was destined to influence profoundly the work and thought of the last half of the eighteenth century.

James Paine, a dominant figure in the Northern architectural world, laid out Nostell Priory about the year 1735 as a vast scheme, on the lines of Holkham and Houghton. According to his own account it was his first building, for in the introduction to his published works he says that at the age of nineteen he was allowed "to conduct a building of consequence in the West Riding." He was born in 1716, and the date of Nostell Priory would therefore be 1735:

there is, in fact, a family tradition that it was built in the ten years 1730-40. Adam's drawings for the elevation of the new wing are clearly dated 1776, but there is a coloured ceiling drawing for the saloon and the drawing-room dated as early as 1767. For the library the year is 1766, and for the hall 1771. These dates are valuable, both as giving an idea of the progress of the work and of the long period over which Adam's connection with the house extended. In 1785, when the work was suspended, it was still incomplete. At the house itself, the impression produced is that the rooms of the southern half of the main block are chiefly in the earlier style, and that in the centre and northern parts of the house Adam had a freer hand in making alterations. It may be noted that the exterior of the kitchen pavilion has much less architectural character than is shown in Paine's published elevation, and, with its stone slate roof, it looks quite early in date. The corresponding pavilion was actually built, and its cellars are still in use, but the superstructure was afterwards pulled down. Sir Rowland Winn, fourth baronet succeeded to the Nostell Estate in 1721. He married a Kentish heiress in 1729, and in 1732 was High



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Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE, November 14th, 1914.



LORD MAYOR'S

The London Scottish and the New Zealand Conti



AYOR'S DAY, 1914.

- Zealand Contingent passing St. Paul's Cathedral.



COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SALOON.

Sheriff for the County of York. He died in 1765.

Sir Rowland Winn, the fifth baronet, was baptised in February, 1739, and married Sabine Louise, only daughter and heiress of Jacques Philippe d'Hervert, Governor of Haute Vevay. He had two children, a son, Rowland, afterwards the sixth baronet, and a daughter, Esther, born in 1768. He himself died in 1785. It is a permissible assumption that the Swiss heiress may have had some influence in the change in the direction of the building scheme marked by Robert Adam's appointment to complete the house. The sixth baronet died in 1805, unmarried and intestate. The family estates then passed to John Williamson, a son of Esther, and he took the name and arms of Winn of Nostell. Dying in 1817, he was succeeded by his brother Charles. The latter's son, born in 1820, was created Lord St. Oswald, and



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FIREPLACE IN BREAKFAST ROOM.

C.L."

but it is quite foreign to English thought. The English country house has never been a granary of farm produce.



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TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Robert Adam had not only been a great traveller, but he was a man of thought and observation. All the gifts of an artist were superimposed on a character full of shrewdness and common-sense. His practice as a house planner was essentially sound, and, though swayed by the current fashion of the day, never departed far from rational and sane dispositions. He would seem to have been called in to correct and revise the extravagances to which Paine had committed his client, as well as to redecorate and furnish

It will be easy to understand the reason for the change of plan when it is realised that the four corner rooms of the main block, and on the principal floor, were spoilt by the necessary access to these outlying pavilions. For this wild scheme Adam substituted the reasonable wing addition shown on the plan, the eastern half of which only has been executed. It would have produced a very interesting north end elevation with its little court enclosed by an arcaded screen. The house was so vast already that it is easy to understand why,



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CEILING IN TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the interiors in accordance with his newer manner. The house must have been in a completed state, except that only two pavilions had been built, for the great apartments show both styles side by side. Both in external and internal work the two schools challenge comparison. The idea of the radiating plan seems to have been stopped at once, and now only one pavilion, that containing the kitchen, exists, with a quadrant corridor, of only one storey in height instead of two, connecting it to the main block for service purposes.

up to the suspension of the work in 1785. Adam was mostly occupied in the redecoration work of the main block already built. There is a whole ground floor of offices in addition to the pavilion; a floor of reception rooms and one of bedrooms over have in modern times been fitted into Paine's originally empty roof of the main block. Internally Adam transformed the plan of the great upper hall, which became in his hands a very interesting apartment, as the views and plan will show. He effected a skilful connection with the saloon, and

so created the present artistically planned centre of the house. Rose the plasterer, who worked for Adam at Syon, was largely engaged here also.

The saloon ceiling is decorated in shades of pink, green and cream, with blue in the backgrounds of the cameos. Gold lines are used in the very elegant entablature, and the frieze agrees with Adam's drawing in the Soane Collection. The great niche has fluted pilasters rising from the dado. The door casings are well detailed with consoles, and there are two good marble mantelpieces. Bold enriched mouldings frame the Italian landscapes on the walls. The mirror and its console table attract attention; the white marble top has an inlay of coloured cements. The framework below has curious legs with ovals and miniature Corinthian capitals, all united with wreaths of swags, and in the centre, on the stretcher rails, are boys with vases. Two tall tripods, open-framed in wood and gilded, probably carried the lamps of the period. The staircases, which must have existed already, are somewhat clumsily contrived, and only the interesting metal

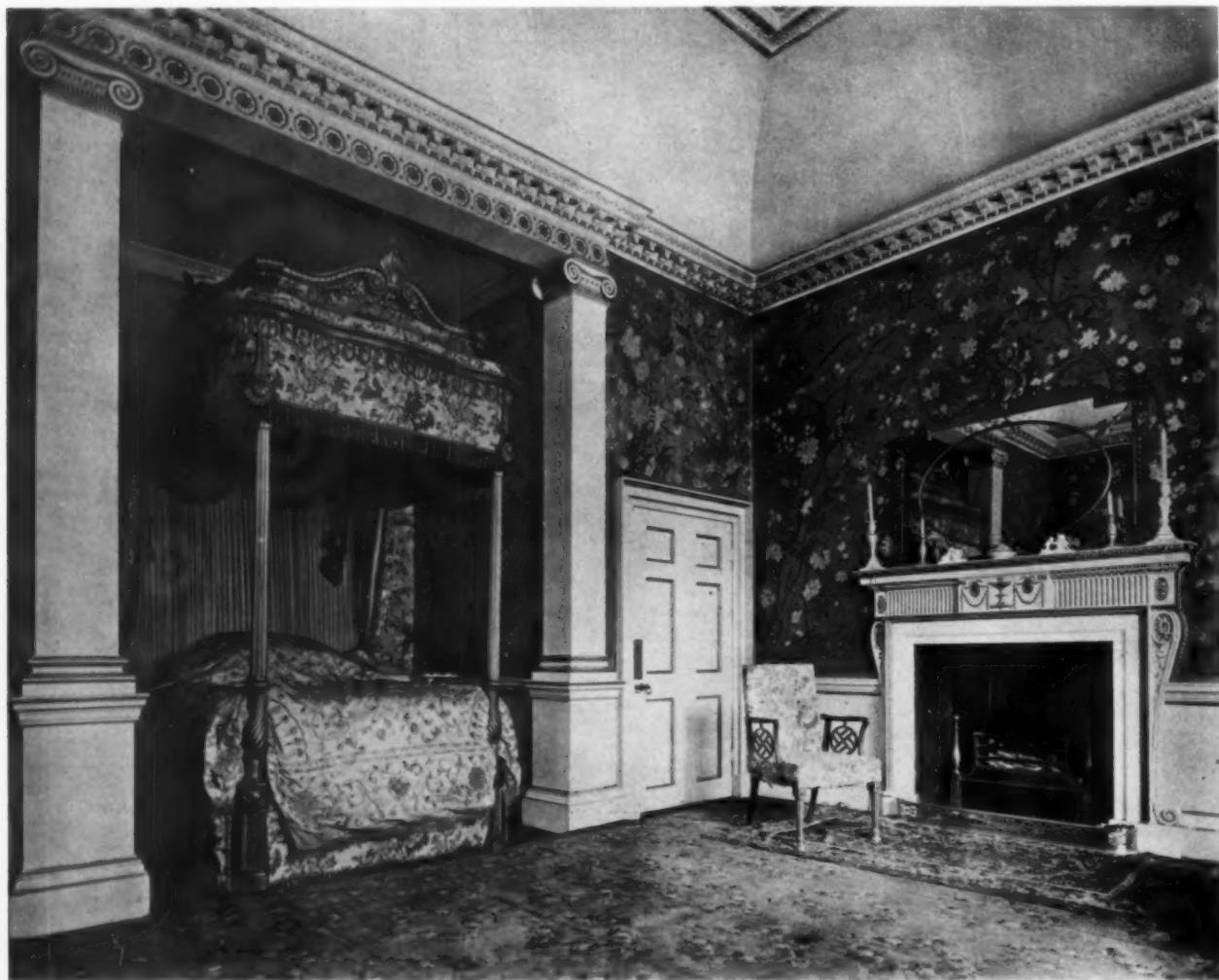


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SALOON FIREPLACE.

"C.L."

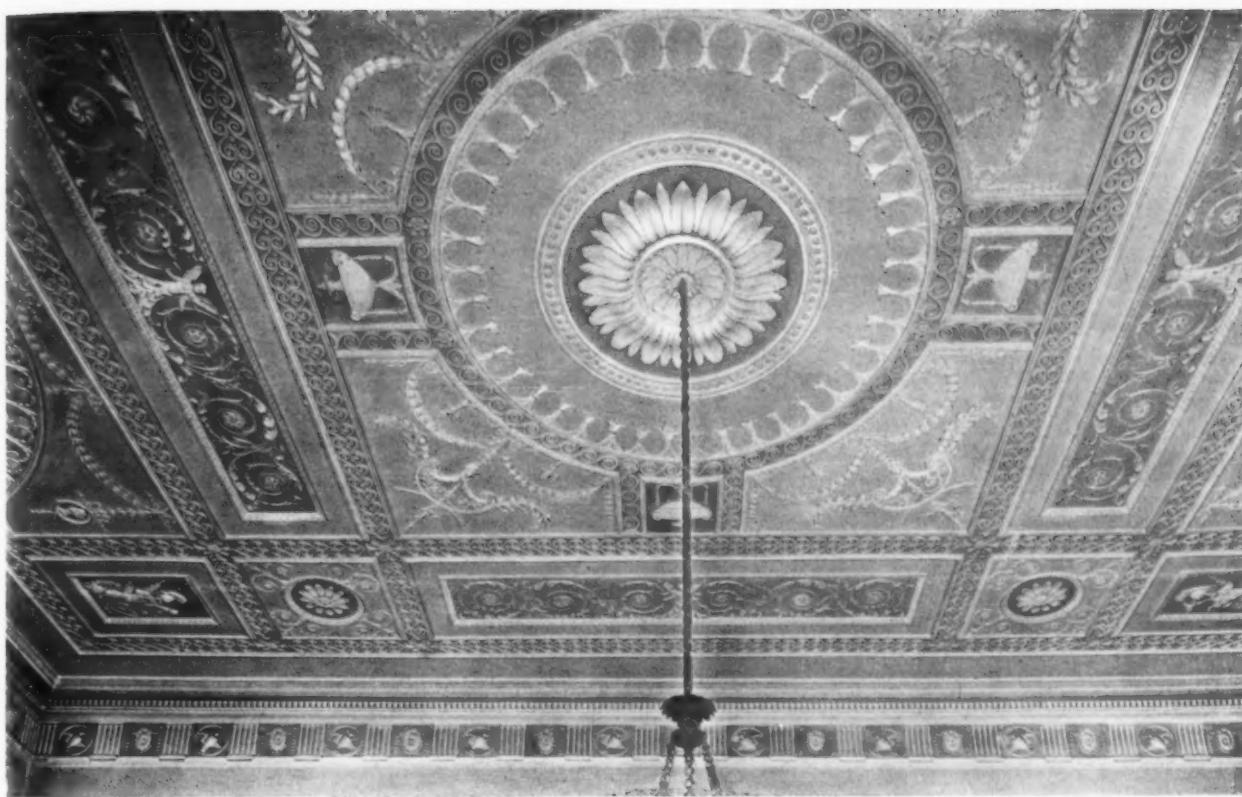
originally intended. Crossing over to the east side of the main block we enter Lady St. Oswald's bedroom with a boudoir adjoining. In these apartments the earlier work has simply been painted in Adam style, the main decoration being on the door panels, ovals of black being relieved by figures in colour of a Pompeian character. On the other side of the upper hall, continuing along the eastern façade, is the Amber



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THE ADAM BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CEILING OF UPPER HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PART OF LIBRARY CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Room, also in the older style, with a deep cove ceiling with a panel centre. Here is an Adam mantel in white statuary with a frieze of boys. Adjoining the Amber Room and occupying the centre of the south end of the house is the Adam bedroom with an alcove and bed quite characteristic in style. Green and gold are freely used, and are effective in relation to the Chinese wallpaper. The State bedroom and dining-room adjoining are both in the older style of Paine. This brings us back to the saloon, in the centre of the western façade, beyond which is the Tapestry Room, with its fine door casings and marble mantel. The undying tale of Cupid and Psyche with illustrative emblems forms the subject of its decoration. The magnificent tapestries have been rearranged in accordance with the

the great group of Sir Thomas More and family, ascribed to Holbein. The date is 1530, and the names and ages are inscribed over each figure. Holbein's drawing exists at Basle, and agrees in all essentials. If, therefore, this is an early copy it is still unique, because in that case no original painting exists. Van de Velde is represented by a seapiece, Jacob Ruysdael by a canal subject, and Robert Van der Hoeck by a combat of horsemen. A notable Van Dyck is a picture of boys playing with leopards.

Proceeding outside to compare the exterior work of the earlier and later eighteenth century schools the balance is seen to be less onesided, as Adam's scheme is not developed far enough to be judged by the result of the ingenious northern elevation. On the main front Paine's conception

tells by the immense mass of the centre block, and the later addition seems relatively stilted in proportion. Adam seems to have felt it necessary to introduce a portico in order to enter into some relation with Paine's great pedimented centre with its engaged columns. Paine, however, scores most heavily with his western façade where, using a strong square pilaster in place of the engaged column, which loses by appearing embedded in the wall, he was able to carry the great mass of his steep pediment with ease and repose. The rise of ground also has the effect of diminishing his ground floor to the scale and character of a podium, rather than of a complete storey, and the relative importance of the order itself is thus increased, to the improvement of the general proportions. Paine tells us that the design was based on a façade seen by Sir Rowland Winn abroad. We may conjecture, therefore, that there was some Palladian original in the background. However, very little of the grace of the Italian master survived in Paine's heavy-handed transliteration. Penetrating the grounds of this western front we reach the Pool of Nostell, crossed by



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THE ADAM WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

original scheme and now appear to great advantage. The ceiling is remarkable for its paintings and stuccoes. It is based on an eight-pointed star with eight lunettes enclosed in a square with a fret border. Two oblongs, in addition, complete the design. Green used in the border is the chief colour, and the circles have blue and red grounds. The general groundwork colour is cream. A simple cornice is decorated in gold and green, and the frieze has painted scroll-work with heads on red and blue grounds. The white dado of the room is effective as a base to so much colour. The room is carpeted all over, and dark tones are provided by the rich old mahogany doors.

The lower entrance hall contains some fine oak settees and chairs; moreover, Nostell possesses an unusual wealth of Chippendale. The pictures are of great interest, particularly

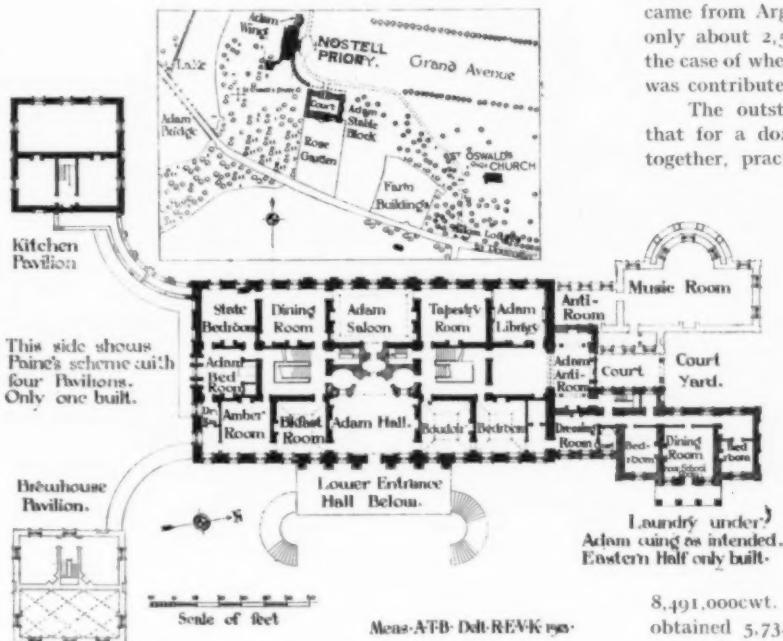
a strong bridge which may perhaps be identified with one devised by Adam for the Doncaster Road. It is a simple and effective piece of work, and without parapets, which are here replaced by a metal balustrading. "The Pool of Nostell" covers some forty acres and is referred to in the old charters as "Stagnum S. Oswald." The original Priory was the first house of the Augustinian Canons in England. Ralph Adlave, Chaplain and Confessor to Henry I., riding in the Nostell woods, was charmed with the mode of life of certain hermits that he met therein. Whereupon he established the Order and became himself the first Superior. Robert de Lacy gave the wood in which the Priory was built. Nostell probably means North Stall, a hunter's lodge in the wood. St. Oswald was given the dedication from his connection with the locality. The interesting church in the grounds



PAINE'S WEST FRONT AND KITCHEN PAVILION.

marks probably the site of the original chapel of St. Oswald, built by Ralph Adlave. In the interior both Flaxman and Chantry are represented by the sculptured tombs of the Winn family.

The stable block, which lies close to the house, combines with the garden scheme, because behind the rebuilt riding-school is an apsidal arcade looking out upon the rose garden. Flanked by colonnades and end pavilions, it is a



PLANS OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

notable piece of garden architecture, now unfortunately swathed in ivy. The stone façades of the stable block are effective designs of a simple character. The turret follows after Adam's original detail drawing. Along the main front a line of obelisks and chains procures a dignified approach. Even simpler is the entrance screen of gates, piers and pavilion lodges, which admits the visitor from the main road. Humphrey Repton, the landscape gardener, writing in 1803, quotes with approval a lady's comment on such lodges, that they reminded her of tea caddies, one should be labelled "Green" and the other

"Bohea." Such are the risks of unjustifiable symmetry. The magnificent avenue, over three hundred feet in width, indicates the great scale of Nostell as originally laid out. As a great grass way, bordered by ancient trees and peopled with a herd of deer, it impresses the imagination dulled by the encroaching disamenities of manufacturing Yorkshire. The hermits whom Ralph Adlave encountered in the woods of Nostell have been replaced by miners and clayworkers, and the Royal Confessor would find to-day problems more difficult, if less romantic, than those which he sought to solve by the creation of a Priory. ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

OUR SUPPLY OF MEAT

In my note a fortnight ago I alluded to the inadvisability of attempting to increase the wheat area at the expense of the area under roots and rotation grasses, as that would imperil our home output of beef and mutton. A study of Mr. R. H. Rew's admirable introduction to Part IV. of the Agricultural Statistics of 1913 gives point and emphasis to what I said. I quote two or three sentences from the closing paragraph of Mr. Rew's report: ". . . the British consumer has been protected from a rise in the price of meat, which would have made it a rare luxury for large masses of the community, only by the policy which has maintained and encouraged the breeding and feeding of stock at home. It has sometimes been suggested in recent years that the British consumer has in times of peace little personal concern in the continued cultivation of wheat in this country. Whatever truth there may have been in this contention, it is evident from the figures above given that the personal interest of the consumer in the maintenance and extension of the home production of meat is very direct."

The total consumption of meat in the United Kingdom in 1913 was estimated at about 52,191,000cwt. Of this, 31,087,000cwt. (about 60 per cent.) were produced at home and 21,104,000cwt. (40 per cent.) were imported from overseas. The last-named figure is the net amount remaining after deducting exports from imports. The total imports, without deducting exports, amounted to 22,752,652cwt., of which 6,204,267cwt. came from British possessions and 16,458,385cwt. from foreign countries. Of the foreign imports, rather over 14,000,000cwt. came from Argentina, the United States and Denmark, leaving only about 2,500,000cwt. coming from other countries. As in the case of wheat, only a very small—quite a negligible—quantity was contributed by the countries now at war.

The outstanding fact in connection with the imports is that for a dozen years they have, taking all classes of meat together, practically stood still, in spite of the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is now 4,500,000 greater than then. The home produce from 1900-1 up to 1906-7 was only just maintained, but since the latter year it has increased by about 1,500,000cwt. The actual increase in the whole available supply in twelve years was nearly 2,000,000cwt., but this was not sufficient to meet the increase of population during the same time; consequently, the consumption per head of population in this country fell from 136·3lb. in 1900-1 to 127lb. in 1912-13. In further reference to the imports, analysis shows that while beef and mutton have tended to increase in quantity, pig meat has declined to an extent which just about equals the beef and mutton increases. In 1900-1 we imported 8,491,000cwt. of pig meat, while in 1912-13 we only obtained 5,734,000cwt.; and that this reduction was no accidental or transient circumstance is shown by the fact that the decline has been fairly uniform throughout the period. In view of the facts concerning our imports, there can be no manner of doubt that it is of vital importance that the home production of meat should not only be fully maintained but increased, and it would be folly to jeopardise our home-produced meat supply by curtailing roots in order to obtain wheat. I am, of course, well enough aware that dry food substitutes can be found for swedes, but not at the same cost, and cheap foods for fattening (which swedes are) should not be lightly thrown away. As regards beef, Argentina and Australia are practically our only sources of supply at present—Argentina being by far the more important of the two—although Uruguay sent us a useful quantity in 1913; for mutton we are indebted mainly

to the same countries and (particularly) to New Zealand; for pig meat, Denmark and the United States of America are by far our largest producers. Any curtailment of, or interruption in, these shipments, either from climatic or economic circumstances, or as the result of enemy operations, would have a most serious effect on our supplies, for there does not appear to be any other considerable available supply which we could attract by increased prices or otherwise.

While it is not easy to predict what the effect of the war will be on meat prices in the near future, I should expect the tendency to be upward, although perhaps not for some few months yet. And I am inclined to think the pinch may be more keenly felt in pig meat rather than in beef and mutton, although, no doubt, some strain may be placed on the supply of the last two meats named as well. As already stated, Denmark and the United States of America give us nearly all our imported pig meat, about five-sixths of our total outside supply coming from these countries. We may probably expect less rather than more from America in the future; and as to Denmark, there is the possibility of interference occurring in North Sea transit, and the certainty of a part—and probably a considerable part—of the supply finding its way into Belgium and Holland, and, it may well be, into Germany; for Germany is now a great pig-eating country, as is evidenced by the fact that while in twenty years its sheep have declined from 13,500,000 to under 6,000,000, its pig population has

increased from 12,000,000 to 22,000,000. It seems to me, therefore, that the first consideration for farmers in the United Kingdom is to feed pigs. They are a class of stock which very quickly multiplies. A sow put to breed now would, in less than a year, yield, with competent management, at least 120st. of killed meat (say, seven pigs of 17st. each); and inasmuch as a sow will, within the space of a year or a little more, produce two litters of pigs, it follows that in one year she will provide for the feeder a supply of young pigs sufficient to enable him to turn out one and a half tons of killed meat per annum.

If not equally pressing, it is very desirable that the production of both beef and mutton should also be increased during the next twelve months. This, of course, entails a larger supply of home-bred store animals, and as cattle and sheep breeding and rearing cannot be increased so speedily as pigs, the present available supply of calves should be more largely reserved for fattening as mature animals. This question might usefully receive the attention of the Agricultural Consultative Committee. In the case of sheep, in certain cases, and to a limited extent, ewe lambs might be put to the tup this year. An increase of stock means, of course, more grazing, and it may well be asked how this is to be obtained if grass land is taken for corn growing. The answer is, Increase the herbage on the land retained for grazing by the liberal use of phosphatic manures this autumn and winter, and there will be no shortage, but an increase.

J. C.

IN THE GARDEN.

STORING VEGETABLES FOR WINTER USE.

ACORRESPONDENT who has a large, dark cellar at his disposal asks for information concerning the storing of vegetables therein for use during the winter months. For a number of vegetables a cellar is quite a good store. It is generally frost-proof except in very severe and prolonged spells, and even then can usually be rendered suitable by covering any vegetables that are susceptible to frost with coarse mats or sacks, taking care, however, to remove these immediately all danger is past.

Undoubtedly the most important vegetable to be stored for winter use is the Potato, and for this a dark, frost-proof cellar possesses several advantages over the outdoor clamp, though many growers prefer the latter. In the cellar, however, the Potatoes are always available for use, whereas in very frosty weather it would be dangerous to break open the clamp. Also, owing to the fact that the tubers are kept dry, any disease that is present will not develop so rapidly as under the damper conditions that exist in the outdoor store. Before placing Potatoes in a cellar they should be exposed to wind and sun for a few hours. Not only does this dry up external moisture, but appreciably hardens the skins. The tubers are best placed in one heap, keeping them away from the wall of the cellar, so that, if necessary, mats or straw can be placed between them and the wall. A little fresh air-slaked lime shaken between the Potatoes as they are stored will assist to dispel unwanted moisture and possibly prevent the spread of disease. The cellar must be well ventilated for two or three weeks after the Potatoes are placed in it.

Carrots, Beetroots and Turnips can all be successfully stored in a cellar, and will keep fresh and good for months if properly managed. Unlike Potatoes, they do not need preliminary drying. It is essential, however, that all the leaves be cut off, otherwise they will decay. Carrots and Turnips can be cut close to the root, but with Beetroots it is advisable to leave about an inch of the leaf-stalks. Where only comparatively small quantities of each are required, it will be found more convenient to store them in flat boxes, such as empty champagne cases or egg cases. A layer of sand or finely sifted earth ought to be first placed in the box; then a layer of roots, packed in neatly and closely; then another layer of sand or earth, the process of alternate layers being repeated until the box is full. Of course, a heap could be formed in a similar manner on the floor, but the boxes are much cleaner and more convenient. The use of sand or earth in this way prevents the roots shrivelling and preserves their flavour. Salsify, Scorzonera and Celery are other vegetables that can be successfully treated in the same way. So also could Jerusalem Artichokes and Parsnips, but both are best left in the ground where they are growing, sufficient being lifted for use as required. Where this plan is adopted, however, it will be necessary to cover the beds with a thick layer of straw, bracken, or other dry rubbish during very frosty weather, otherwise it will be impossible to lift the roots when the soil is frozen hard.

A cellar is not, usually, a good place to store Onions in. These keep best when tied in bunches or ropes and hung in a light, airy shed, but protected from frost. If bunching or

roping cannot be adopted, the Onions should be laid out thinly in shallow boxes or trays. Whichever method is adopted, it is essential that they be given plenty of fresh air. Leeks and Celery keep best where they are grown if given protection from severe frosts. Both may, however, be successfully stored for some weeks in moist earth or sand in a cellar. The leaves should be trimmed off, but the roots left intact and stored as advised for Carrots, Turnips and Beetroots. Cauliflowers that are ready for cutting may be kept good for several weeks if lifted with a good mass of roots to each. The roughest outside leaves ought to be removed and the roots embedded in moist earth, which, for convenience, may be in a large, flat box. It must be remembered, however, that Cauliflowers, in common with other members of the Brassica family, emit a rather pungent odour that would probably be unpleasant in a cellar.

Essential points to remember in storing all kinds of vegetables are to see that they are quite free of any disease or signs of decay; that Cauliflowers, Celery and Leeks are dry when put into the store; and that frequent inspection of these succulent kinds is desirable so that any decay which appears can be promptly removed.

F. W. H.

A BEAUTIFUL MICHAELMAS DAISY.

ONE of the most charming of all the Starworts, or Michaelmas Daisies, is a comparatively new variety named Climax, raised by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs and first shown by him in London about three years ago. It is a graceful plant of vigorous habit, the stout growths frequently attaining a height of 6ft. in good soil. The flowers, which are produced in abundance, are very large, reminding one almost of small Marguerites in shape and size. Their colour, however, is a beautiful deep shade of Cambridge blue. In common with other members of the Starwort family, Aster Climax is easily cultivated, requiring little beyond well manured and deeply dug soil, water during very dry weather, and division of the old plants each autumn, replanting the vigorous outer portions. Although a comparatively new variety, market growers have quickly recognised its value for cutting, large quantities being offered for sale in Covent Garden Market during the last week or two.

ROSE FORTUNE'S YELLOW.

Visitors to the charming gardens of Lady Wantage at Lockinge during April and May will be familiar with the wealth of flowers that the noble plant of Rose Fortune's Yellow produces in the conservatory there. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a more beautiful variety for a conservatory than this, and, as planting-time is now here, this note is written as a reminder. Being a vigorous Rose it needs plenty of room for its long growths, which are particularly pleasing trained along the rafters, a foot or eighteen inches away from the glass, in a lofty house. The plants at Lockinge are growing in borders of specially prepared loamy soil, and situated inside the houses. Such borders must be easily accessible and thoroughly drained, and in their preparation it is desirable to add a liberal quantity of crushed bones to the soil, as these will gradually yield valuable plant food over a long period. Good, sturdy bushes should be planted, and at once pruned hard. When established and the main rods or shoots have filled their allotted space, the cultivator must endeavour to secure a good number of young growths and

to see that these are well ripened, cutting out the old ones as occasion may demand. Although named Fortune's Yellow, the colour will scarcely pass muster as such. It varies considerably in different localities, that of the blooms at Lockinge being the best I have seen. There it is rich apricot, occasionally shot with pale pink. A dinner-table decorated with this beautiful Rose is as unique as it is pleasing, while for large vases or bowls there is no other variety to equal it. To those who might be tempted to plant it outdoors a word of warning is necessary. Fortune's Yellow is not hardy enough to give satisfaction in the open in this country, except, possibly, in a few very favoured localities.

THE STORM PETREL.

THREE are few birds whose nesting sites are more difficult to locate than those of the storm petrel. Being nocturnal in its habits, and selecting as it does the deep crevices, rabbit burrows and similar situations for the few scattered sticks or twigs which go to form its nest, it is not to be wondered at that its breeding places are supposed to be few and far between. But though I do not pose as an authority, I cannot help feeling that there are far more petrel colonies up and down the western coasts of Great Britain and Ireland than is generally supposed. In the Scillies there was a time when one site was supposed to contain all the petrels of the Islands (indeed, in quite recent ornithological works well known authorities have stated this); but I know of several, and miles apart, though for obvious reasons I am not going to name them. Let us just consider for a moment. Here we have a small black bird of about six inches in length, which seldom shows itself by day during the breeding season. It makes its nest far from the surface, whether the site be in rock or earth. It leaves no external traces of its whereabouts, and is almost silent during the hours of daylight. Is it not quite possible—nay, probable—that under these conditions many of its nesting sites are never suspected?—for it must not be forgotten that they are in almost every case so situated that they would be very unlikely to be visited at night by man. To give an illustration, I will mention an incident which was told me by the light-keepers on Round Island, a rock on which petrels were not known. Round Island is about one hundred and forty feet in height, with scarred and serrated sides, exposed to all the fury of the Atlantic. Only a few years ago the keepers noticed that their cat, which had hitherto been a domesticated and home-loving animal, had suddenly taken to disappearing at night, and that in the morning traces of black feathers were to be seen about the place. One of the men determined to watch pussy, with the result that she was found with a petrel in her mouth. This went on for some time, puss having at least one petrel per night, which showed that there was a considerable colony; and at last the keepers decided to destroy the cat in order to save the petrels. Doubtless there had been petrels on that rock during the nesting season for centuries, but man had not discovered them, and it is very doubtful if he ever would have done so but for the cat, and the cat would never have been there but for the lighthouse; and these, with the other reasons which I have mentioned, make me think that there is many an unsuspected colony of petrels round our coasts.

The eggs of the petrel are much sought after by collectors, but I do not think they will ever be exterminated by them while they keep to their present habits. Here in the Scillies, at any rate, they will hold their own for the present, for Mr. Dorrien-Smith, the Lord Proprietor of the Islands, takes a lively interest in all the sea birds, and also takes means to protect them from marauding collectors. I have never had the opportunity of watching these brave little birds out at sea, battling with the waves, but I have spent a night with them during their annual visit to the shore; and though in the dim light of the midsummer night it is not easy to see them very distinctly, yet one can just make them out as they flit up and down and around the white boulders of which their nesting homes are composed at this particular spot. Like their near neighbours and relatives, the shearwaters, they wait until almost dark before they leave their nests; and though I have no positive proof to offer, I am convinced that they, like the shearwater, relieve one another from incubation duties at this time, one bird going to sea for a day and the other taking its place on the nest.

The nesting-places of the petrels vary very much even in a limited district. Within a comparatively short distance of each other I have found them to be in crevices of old walls, under loose boulders, in what is locally known as a "brow"—that is, a ridge of rounded boulders which have been cast up by the sea—and again, on one occasion,



THE STORM PETREL.



AN EXPOSED SITUATION.



SHOWING WHITE MARKINGS ON THE WINGS.



C. J. King SHOWING THE WEB FOOT. Copyright.

in a piece of old wreckage, part of the side of a ship which had been left high and dry. By extending the distance a mile or two, another nesting site in deep crevices of the solid rock might be included; but I have never found them in the soft earth, like that of the puffin or shearwater.

I have often seen it stated that petrels may be seen in flocks and singly round our coasts during the winter months, and I believe that the late Mr. Rodd stated

C. J. King.

THE BIRD AND ITS NEST.

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that, on account of its nocturnal habits, it is difficult to observe, I hope we may yet find out more about this, our smallest web-footed bird.

C. J. KING.

that he had frequently seen them in Mount's Bay; but though I keep a fairly sharp lookout on the sea birds throughout the year, I never remember seeing a petrel in the Scillies in the winter. The petrel is a bird about which we have still much to learn, and

though, on account of its nocturnal habits, it is difficult to observe, I hope we may yet find out more about this, our smallest web-footed bird.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

HERE are two reasons for extending a cordial welcome to Count Ilya Tolstoy's *Reminiscences of Tolstoy* (Chapman and Hall). One is that the Count writes about his father with a charm beyond that of anyone else who has done so, the other that the book gives a most vivid and attractive picture of Russian country life in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Before his death Tolstoy recognised with pain that his personality acted as a magnet to cranks and oddities.

"My father," says the author, "had good reason for saying that the 'Tolstoites' were to him the most incomprehensible sect and the farthest removed from his way of thinking that he had ever come across."

That is why it is so refreshing to turn to a son who writes easily and naturally of a father whom he loved and respected without mawkishness or idolatry. The period covered is from 1872, when Ilya was six years old, until Tolstoy's death. It divides itself into two parts—the latter dating from about 1882. Count Ilya's early memories of his father show him as a typical Russian country gentleman addicted to the same pleasures and pursuits as a contemporary English squire, "wearing his manhood Hale and green" among his boys and girls. He romped and sported with them as all kindly fathers have done with their children before and since, and the household was a very happy one. The Countess was there, above all else, the thrifty housekeeper. She "ordered dinner; she sent us out for walks; made our shirts; was always nursing some baby at the breast; all day long she was bustling about the house with hurried steps." There was a bedridden aunt who gave the children jam out of a green bottle, and a nice English servant named Hannah who at Christmas-time made a plum-pudding which "was brought to the table soured in rum all in flames." In addition, there were the usual Russian men-servants and maid-servants. The most amusing was Agáya Mikháilovna. During the days of her pretty young womanhood she had served Countess Tolstoy (Ilya's grandmother), but afterwards had taken to attend to the sheep-fold. When she was a shepherdess she got so fond of sheep that she would never afterwards touch mutton. Later she developed an affection for dogs, and became kennelwoman—no sinecure, as in those days the novelist was a keen sportsman, and kept setters, harriers and greyhounds. The sport, in some ways, resembled that going on in Britain at the same period. A little word-picture of Tolstoy loading a gun before breech-loaders had come into use will stir the memory of those who in early days used a muzzle-loader.

When we got to the marsh my Father used to get out, stand his gun, butt down, on the ground, and hold it with his left hand to load it. First he poured powder into both barrels, then put in felt wads and rammed them down with his ramrod. The ramrod struck on the wad and bounced up

again with a sort of metallic noise. My Father went on ramming until it jumped right out of the mouth. Then he poured in the shot and wadded that down too. Dora meanwhile fidgeted about, whining impatiently and wagging her thick tail in big sweeps.

Dora, it may be explained, was an Irish setter and a great favourite. Tolstoy in his day was a good shot, but sometimes "missed frantically." He was especially keen on woodcock shooting, and on this point there was a rivalry between him and the German tutor Fyódor Fyóðorovitch. On the marsh he killed many snipe. Towards the end of his life, when he gave up shooting, along with tobacco and flesh eating, the sporting instinct still remained strong within him. When out walking in the spring and he heard the "wheeple" and "hork" of the birds he would stop the conversation, lift his head and exclaim: "Listen, listen; there's a woodcock! Do you hear?"

Russian greyhound coursing, as carried on in those days, was unlike anything to which we are accustomed here. Those attending were wakened very early in the morning, the Countess with much motherly fussing making them all put on extra woollen stockings, sweaters, gloves and so on. The horses were brought round, and usually Agáya Mikháilovna was waiting on the doorstep with the dogs, which, to Tolstoy's annoyance, she would persist in feeding before they went out. Winger and Sultan and Darling and Tumán were got ready, "some on leashes and others running free." Then the joyous company, resembling very much those that used to gather at Abbotsford in Sir Walter's day, rode to the open country. At the Father's word of command, "Line out," they spread out over the stubble fields and meadows. They hunted the fox indiscriminately with the hare. From the account of a course it would seem that no "law" was allowed the quarry.

The dogs had seen it before you, and started forward, and were in full pursuit already. You would begin to bawl "Tally Ho! Tally Ho!" like a madman, flog your horse with all your might and fly after them.

The dogs had come up with the hare; they turned it; they turned it again; the young and fiery Sultan and Darling ran over it, caught up again and ran over it again; and at last the old and experienced Winger, who had been galloping on one side all the time, seized her opportunity and sprang in; the hare gave a helpless cry like a baby, and the dogs, burying their fangs in it, in a star-shaped group, began to tug in different directions.

"Let go! Let go!"

We came galloping up, finished off the hare and gave the dogs the "tracks," tearing them off toe by toe and throwing them to our favourites, who caught them in the air; and Papa taught us how to strap the hare on the back of the saddle.

Tolstoy was very fond of horses, and sometimes had as many as four hundred at a time when engaged in breeding. He was also a good farmer and forester. In a word, he figured in the memory of his son as a complete country

gentleman who was at the same time a writer of growing fame. At home he was delightfully full of excellent and amusing inventions, as, for example, this of Numidian Cavalry.

We would all be sitting in the *zala*, say, rather flat and quiet after the departure of some dull visitors. Up would jump my Father from his seat, lifting one hand in the air, and run at full speed round the table at a hopping gallop. We all flew after him, hopping and waving our hands like he did. We would run round the room several times and sit down again panting in our chairs in quite a different frame of mind, gay and lively. The Numidian Cavalry had an excellent effect many and many a time. After that exercise all sorts of quarrels and wrongs were forgotten and tears dried with marvellous rapidity.

After 1877 the picture begins to grow dull and sombre. Tolstoy was at heart a sportsman and country gentleman, but instead of living out his life in the way demanded by his natural instincts he became the slave of his own intellect. In the spring of 1878, after fasting and keeping Lent with unusual strictness, he grew dissatisfied with the Church, which he finally adjured. At the same time he gave up field sports, and substituted for them walks on the highway and conversation with tramps and pilgrims. Finally "he got gloomy and irritable, often quarrelled with my mother about trifles, and from our jovial and high-spirited ring-leader and companion was transformed before our eyes into a stern and censorious propagandist." The end of the book is very sad reading. When we hear of him engaged in helping the poor and, as a duty, performing manual labour (very badly, according to his son) we feel much as Admiral Jellicoe might do if informed that a first-class battleship had been doing lifeboat work. Fortunately for Russia, the anti-militant teaching of his later days had little effect save upon the cranks and faddists already alluded to. But these were but the spume and foam of a great career. Tolstoy will live immortally as the greatest imaginative intellect produced in the Europe of his day.

The Demi-Gods, by James Stephens. (Macmillan.)

MR. JAMES STEPHENS is an author who stands alone. No sooner does one try to imprison him within the bounds of some classification, even the broad one of novelist, than he escapes. He is most things—novelist, philosopher, humorist, poet, psychologist—in turn, and nothing long. But he has a charm, together with a peculiar mastery of the English tongue (not to mention the Irish-English), that is above and beyond argument—that is fairly irresistible. His new book is a worthy successor to "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold," and those who have appreciated these earlier works will need no other recommendation than this. On the other hand, readers to whom the paramount requisite of a novel is a plot will do well to avoid Mr. Stephens, for in this book, as ever, he will have none of them. Even the loose thread of incident on which *The Demi-Gods* is strung outrages every canon of possibility, as popularity is commonly understood. Imagine an itinerant Irish tinker and his daughter on whom, as they encamp by the wayside for an evening meal, three angels descend, thereafter sharing their vagabondage and their skilfully acquired food. This is the situation offered, in two short chapters, by Mr. Stephens, and sublimely reduced to the level of the ordinary by the first paragraph of a third: "The remarkable thing about astonishment is that it can only last for an instant. No person can be surprised for more than that time." The incipiently rebellious reader ponders this truth, is forced to bow to it, and thenceforth gratefully and without cavil accepts Mr. Stephens' angels precisely as he chooses to present them. No later than Chapter IV., in fact, the converted reader is out of sympathy with MacCann, the tinker, when he protests: "What would the priest say if he heard we were skavaiging the country with three big, buck angels, and they full of tricks may be?" and applauds his daughter Mary's decision to "give a shout that will waken the men if he tries to slip away from them at dawn." There is no longer protest but only enchantment over everything that follows, beginning with the angels' request that Mary shall give them a dissertation on the subject of earthly food, going on to the daily search, under MacCann's able leadership, for this same food, that shall be sufficient without having been earned (Mr. Stephens, by the way, prepares roadside feasts as appetising as any in fiction), and ending with the decision of Art, the youngest angel, not to return to that heaven where he was a cherub ("one who accumulates love"), but to rend his wings and remain with Mary. On every page poises Mr. Stephens' sprite-like humour; there are verbal felicities that induce in the reader that pang of envy which is the sincerest praise (as, for instance, "a beetle went slugging by like a tired bullet," and the description of the vagabond's ass in a heavy storm: "Rain was pouring from him as though he were the father of rivers and supplied the world with running water"), and in addition Mr. Stephens has a sympathetic insight that takes everything in its stride: the individuality of a beast or bird is an open book to him; so also is the birth of love in a young girl's heart, "lilting its secret, wild lyrics in the dawn." In another place Mr. J. Stephens once recorded that "the most valuable critical remark I have ever heard was said to me by A. E. thus: 'All true poetry has been written on the Mount of Transfiguration—(poetry is the base of and contains every other art)'." *The Demi-Gods* is not poetry, but it is rich in beauty and wisdom because its prose is the prose of a true poet. To the range and quality of Mr. Stephens' art no words could be more applicable than those which he uses in *Demi-Gods* of the youngest angel: "He did not know the entire of any song, but he knew verses of many, and he was able to relate the tunes of these so harmoniously, with such gradual slipping of

theme into theme, that twenty minutes of his varied lilting could appear like one consecutive piece of music." Discriminating readers of novels may be assured beforehand that this is what they will feel when they close Mr. Stephens' latest book.

V. H. F.

Landmarks, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen.)

LANDMARKS, in Mr. Lucas' sense, are the events in life which leave a vivid impression on the mind not at all necessarily in proportion to their importance. They may be apparently quite trivial, "words even, lightly spoken by others, which fall on soil to that instant prepared for them; casual wayside meetings; actions of total strangers; and so forth. Not until later can we distinguish between the influential and the unimportant. It is as though a few drops of water sank into the duck's back." The author has taken the landmarks in the life of his hero, Rudd Sergison, from the time of his early boyhood until his marriage, and gives us a series of scenes only connected by a comparatively slender thread, a little, as he says, after the manner of a cinematograph. He turns from one thing to another with a pleasant desultoriness, which is well suited to his easy style. Rudd Sergison is a clever, observant, keenly sensitive little boy, and the boy is father to the man. His life moves along comparatively cool and sequestered ways. He tries medicine, finds that he cannot bear it, and drifts successfully into literature. If we exclude one brief and blameless episode at Montmartre, he only makes two or three quite inadvertent excursions into the field of love, with one lady who talks too much about herself, with another who talks too much about him, with a pretty housemaid, whom discreetly, but with some pangs of conscience, he leaves to wait vainly under a lamp-post on her evening out. The only woman he ever wants to marry—a pleasant, simple, outdoor creature, with no tendencies towards literature, very wisely consents to marry him, as soon as he summons courage to ask her, and there is at least a reasonable hope that they will be happy. If we have made this uneventful existence sound a little dull, the fault is wholly ours, and the reader may be assured that Mr. Lucas can make it delightful. Most engaging of all is the hero's childhood, for which, at any rate, we feel sure that the author has drawn largely on his own store of early memories. To write even tolerably about children is not an easy thing to do; to write of them with charm and insight and never a touch of unwelcome sentiment is very difficult indeed, and Mr. Lucas can do it.

Black Tales for White Children, by Captain C. H. and Mrs. Stigand. (Constable.)

CAPTAIN AND MRS. STIGAND have produced that which is extremely rare, a book of really good fairy stories told with just the right simplicity and solemnity of language. We call them fairy stories, although there are no fairies in the technical sense of the word; but there are all the other right ingredients—Sultans, viziers and magicians, elephants, lions and tigers who converse most agreeably. The stories come from East Africa and are translated from the Swaheli language. They are old traditional tales, never written down but passed on by word of mouth from one generation to another. They are told either by a professional story-teller of a coast town, who hands on his stock of them to his son after him, or by mothers to their children almost from the time they can toddle; and it is interesting to notice how modern anachronisms, such as rifles or dollars, have gradually crept in here and there. Children always like what may be called symmetrical stories with the recurrence of the same event told in exactly the same words, and there is here plenty of this most artistic repetition. When, for instance, Hapendeki goes out to look for Pemba Muhori, the great sea-serpent, he comes every month to a new lake, bigger than the last, eats one loaf and smokes one cigarette and invokes Pemba Muhori in the same two lines of verse. The hero always has that delightful simplicity of cunning which never fails to deceive the villain—a compound of Little Claus and Br'er Rabbit. Here, for example, is the way in which the hare triumphs over the lion who is compassing his destruction:

"And as the hare returned he saw the footprints of the lion on the path leading to his house, so he went and stood near the house and said: 'Salaam, oh house.' But the lion was not to be deceived and he answered not."

"Then the hare said again: 'Salaam, house,' and again the lion was silent.

"So the hare said to himself: 'Every day when I pass here and say "Salaam, oh house," the house answers and says: "And to you salaams," but to-day it is silent; perhaps there is someone inside.'

"So the lion answered from inside: 'And to you salaams.' And the hare said: 'Oh, lion, I hear your voice, you have come here to kill me.'

"Then the hare ran off and the lion came out and went his way."

If white children do not like these black tales they will deserve the fate of the little boys who were dipped in the ink-pot by Great Agrippa and remained black for evermore.

Modern Pigsticking, by Major A. E. Wardrop, R.H.A. (Macmillan.)

THERE is not a great deal that is new to be written on the subject of pigsticking, Simson's book, "Sport in Eastern Bengal," published in 1886, still being the standard work on the sport; but certain changes must inevitably creep in during the course of a quarter of a century, so that there is ample excuse for the present undertaking, the chief object of which is to epitomise the rules and customs of the sport, as also to bring the records of the various tent clubs up to date. The author's style lays no claim to literary merit, being chatty and discursive in the extreme, but the book is crammed full of information of the most reliable nature, evidently gathered at first hand from long personal experience, and, what is still more important, the author clearly loves his subject and writes with a whole-hearted zest which carries his reader along with him. The all-important topic of choosing, buying and training a horse occupies, as it deserves, a good deal of space, and plenty of thoroughly practical instructions and hints are given for riding the pig, and as to spears, saddlery, and equipment generally. Then there are

particulars of the various tent clubs in India (which correspond very closely to hunts at home), from that at Meerut, which may fairly lay claim to the title of the premier tent club owing to its being the scene of the celebrated Kadir Cup Competition, the blue riband of pigsticking, run on the sandy soil of the old bed of the Ganges, with its seas of waving grass, through the Central India country, with its hard, rough, rocky surface, to the Nagpur Hunt, with its treacherous black cotton soil, cut up by wide, deep fissures in the hot weather. There are some good illustrations depicting certain exciting incidents in pigsticking, spearing leopards, etc., and in an appendix we have several of the Indian pigsticking songs, including the words and musical score of perhaps the best known of them all—"Over the valley, over the level"—with its lilting chorus, which is so often heard at tent club gatherings.

The Wise Virgins, by L. S. Woolf. (Edward Arnold.)

MR. WOOLF has already shown himself a writer of marked ability, although in a somewhat depressing vein, and his second book confirms the impression made by the first. The story of "The Village in the Jungle" was one of a people with whom few of us are familiar, and the remoteness of its setting added dignity to the unrelieved tragedy. This time the tragedy is that of a London suburb, and its nearness makes it the more realistically sordid. A young Jewish artist, with aims and thoughts far above his solid, middle-class surroundings, comes in contact through his art with a circle of intellectuals who theorise about life, death, hell and judgment and are greatly amused

by the duller folk around them. In neither circle is he truly at home, and it is on his struggles between the two that the story turns. Two characters stand out from the rest—the hero's and that of Camilla, the woman he loves, who is the centre of the intellectual group. She is a wonderfully fine piece of character drawing, delicate, subtle and true. The man, too, is an interesting study, full of pride of race and the arrogance of good wits, but always at the mercy of a too keen self-knowledge and self-criticism. The end is a miserable one, the hero being caught in the toils of a suburban friendship, to the wrecking of his life and that of the woman he is forced to marry. In spite of some relief afforded by the minor characters, it is only to those who can stand tragedy and like plain speaking that the book can be recommended. To them it can be recommended very strongly.

Oddsflash, by Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson and Co.)

A THOUGHTFUL study of the character of Charles II. The late Robert Hugh Benson through his hero approaches his subject in the manner of the quiet student of manner rather than the active and vigorous participant in the social life of the time. It is impossible to admire the narrator of the tale, Roger Mallock, a young Catholic in the King's service. Here is subtlety, meanness and cunning masquerading not altogether successfully in a rôle mildly heroic, and, curiously enough, apparently unsuspected by its creator. Apart, however, from the unworthiness of this pinchbeck hero, the tale should be appreciated by those who enjoy a historical novel of quiet and sustained interest.

INDUSTRY IN THE ALPS.

TO a holiday-maker in August it often appears that the men in the Swiss villages have a fairly easy time. It is true that frequently they are employed on some arduous expedition, when they act as guides to some energetic climbers and carry up a bulging knapsack to a height of thirteen or fourteen thousand feet. But there are many off days, when they can be seen gathered in friendly converse under some shady tree, and for many an hour do they linger at the round tables in the alluring neighbourhood of "Bier vom Fass." The weight of politics is on their shoulders, and much discussion is necessary before the Referendum reminds the free and independent citizens that the law-making of the cantons is in their own hands.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the numbers of tourists have created a disproportionate increase in the number of guides, and that, instead of the chamois hunters, foresters or shepherds whose home and work were among the mountains, a class of younger men is arising who are professional guides only, and who try to earn in the summer enough to keep them through the winter. They are, in fact, becoming somewhat alienated from the land and living in the region of sport. If this tends to lessen the true industry of some of the men, there is a very different spirit among the women.

Go where you will in village or hamlet, the women's industry meets you at every turn. The girls from early years carry great loads upon their backs, and the baskets they use look picturesque enough, especially in the southern cantons; but the result is seen in the bent backs of the older generations. In the southern cantons, too, the cattle seem to be tended chiefly by the women. From their villages down in the main valleys, whole families with their cattle, goats and children migrate every spring to tiny hamlets up in the mountains. Once there, it is a busy time for the women, who are up and about from sunrise till after sundown. One would think that to come up from picturesque but stuffy Naters on the Rhone to the pure air and wide outlook of the Alps at Bel would be a welcome change; but in point of fact the dirt of Naters is not entirely abandoned, and the surroundings of the tiny chalets are by no means appetising.

Frau Schmidt milks her herd outside her chalet at about 6 a.m. and puts the milk in a spot which disobeys most of the laws of hygiene. Cheerfully then she mounts the rolling Alps behind, now overlooking the gleaming sweep of the magnificent Aletsch Glacier, and again looking across the white streak of the Rhone to the mountains over which curves the Simplon Pass to Italy. Frau Schmidt's attire



AT BEL ALP.

suggests some Italian influence, though she is unable to say much about that. She, like all her neighbours, wears a handkerchief on her head, and it must be as brightly coloured as possible. Dingy tints may be the vogue in plaid skirts, but red must be the predominant colour of the head covering. Besides her cows, Frau Schmidt takes with her a distaff,

evenings, and all her family wear the stockings and vests that result. As age creeps on, the actual running after a disobedient cow becomes a trifle irksome, so the children are taught as early as possible to control the wanderers. It is no uncommon thing to see a small boy of four years of age running as fast as his little sturdy legs will let him after an errant



THE EVENING REST.

and spins away at a growing thread till she has used up her wool. It is tiring to stand for many hours, and the ground is too wet for sitting, so Frau Schmidt carries with her a stalwart stick, against which she props herself for short periods, moving on every few minutes as the cows wander to richer grass. The wool came from her own sheep, and is carded at odd times; it is knitted during the long winter

cow, whom he noisily frightens into obedience; thus is demonstrated the triumph of mind over matter. The children are busy all day, but in the evening they can be often seen at rest, making chains of the brilliant coloured flowers which carpet the ground at their feet, while their mothers spin during a restful half-hour's chat with a neighbour.

L. EDNA WALTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOUNTS FOR THE ARMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The subject of Army horses is one of much interest to me, and I have the pleasure to give you my views as follows. I feel no doubt but the present day polo ponies (small horses), ranging from 14h. 2in. to 15h., would make very serviceable mounts for our light cavalry if the supply of larger horses should run short; any commissioned officer of a cavalry regiment would naturally mount his regiment on horses 15h. 2in. to 15h. 3in. if he had the choice, for reason of the additional weight for contact with an enemy, and on the grounds of the larger horse being better able to carry the weight of the rider when fully equipped, and, further, for the more imposing appearance of the larger horses. I had many years' experience with the Indian Cavalry, and the regiment I had the honour to serve with were mounted on Arabs and Persians, ranging from 14h. 1½in. to 14h. 3in. These horses were all the same stamp, with good backs, loins and deep ribs, and made nothing of their burdens—a sowar weighed in full marching order, say, 15½st. to 16st. They were capable of the longest marches and kept fit under most adverse conditions of food and hard work. It was this class of horse—Arab and Persian—that carried the valiant troopers of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry (now the 33rd Queen Victoria's Own Light Cavalry) when they so gallantly broke the square at the Battle of Khushab in Persia. In 1857, after the Persian Campaign, when the force had returned to India, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry were ordered to hand over their horses (then Government property) to the 14th Light Dragoons, who picked out sufficient horses to mount one squadron of theirs. These horses would average 14h. 3in. to 14h. 3½in., and I have always been given to understand they carried the Dragoons well through the Central India Campaign under Sir Hugh Rose. My experience inclines me to think the small horses, say, 14h. 3in. to 15h., provided they are made on the right lines, viz., good backs and loins, deep ribs, combined with quality, are the best animals for endurance and hard work. The nearer the ground the better the animal in proportion to the larger and taller horse was fully exemplified in years gone by in India, before the days of railways, in the Deccanee "tallow" (pony), which was used to lay out on stages, at intervals of ten to twelve miles, to enable one to cover long distances in a short space of time. These ponies carried the average Englishman at the rate of nine to ten miles an hour with perfect ease, even in the hot weather, and I

have known a pony do a double stage or even thirty miles at the same pace without being knocked up. There are few now who remember these beautiful little ponies, and the breed has quite disappeared. To sum up, a regiment mounted on polo ponies of the right stamp from 14h. 2in. to 15h. would, I am sure, most efficiently carry a light cavalry soldier and should be seriously considered. A well-trained polo pony up to weight is, to my mind, the ideal animal to be on for an encounter.—J. WILLOUGHBY (Major-General, retired).

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest some of the letters in your valuable paper regarding the usefulness of ponies or cobs for Army remount purposes. That the cob is handier, harder, more easily fed and, if not too light, quite as well able to carry weight as the big horse will, I think, be allowed. For mounted infantry and for infantry officers and mountain battery officers' chargers he is, of course, the ideal mount, because he is not required for "shock" performances. But though cobs may be quick and handy and courageous, a cavalry regiment mounted on small horses must, in an encounter with one mounted on 15h. 3in. to 16h. animals, all other conditions being equal, be at a disadvantage. I have served in the Indian cavalry for the best part of my life, and have purchased many scores of remounts, but they could not be called either cobs or ponies, nor big horses. They were a happy medium, small horses 14h. 2in. to 15h. or 15h. 2in. No doubt a European cavalry officer accustomed to more imposing mounts would call them ponies, but they were just beyond ponies and cobs and yet not big horses. As regards their capabilities of sustaining fatigue, living on what they could get, handiness, quickness, endurance and speed, they had and have no equal. Some were Indian bred, some small Australians, some Arabs. The one defect these small horses possess is want of actual weight for shock tactics against cavalry mounted on heavy horses. There are, however, in Europe, and principally in our own land, a large number of horses from 14h. 2in. to 15h. 2in. or 15h. 2in. very suitable for cavalry of the lighter sort and possessing quite enough weight for shock tactics. In this connection it must be borne in mind that instances of two opposing bodies of cavalry, both at charging speed, actually meeting are very rare. One body, so history tells us, is almost certain to be riding at a slower pace than the other. It is either forming line or has just begun to increase its pace or what not and

is charged by the enemy. The then formed body charging has the advantage, and 15h. would be as good, if not better, than 16h. in. if it were going fastest, and small horses get on their legs quicker and spurt along full bat faster than big ones. Anyone who has seen our Indian cavalry charging on manœuvres is struck with the pace they go. In the mêlée following on the charge there is no question but that the smaller, quicker-turning animal has the advantage. In charging on infantry or on a battery the same holds good. It seems to me that the question may be summed up somewhat as follows : The small horse is superior to the big one for these reasons. He requires less food to keep him going, is handier, generally harder, more enduring ; is, if of the proper stamp, up to the weight of light cavalry ; is, for the short distance of the actual charge, quite as fast, and in the fight far handier than bigger horses. In fact, he is, with the one exception of weight, in the actual moment of shock, equal, and in many respects superior, to the bigger, heavier and more imposing animal. I cannot go so far as to recommend ponies for cavalry, *i.e.*, 14h. to 14h. 2in. For shock tactics you must have a certain amount of weight. I do not know what our cavalry are buying now, but I should think that weight-carrying small horses from 14h. 2in. to 15h. 2in. would be ideal mounts for light cavalry. We do not hear much of mounted infantry nowadays, as our cavalry is able to perform their duties if needed ; but for them (mounted infantry) 14h. to 14h. 2in. is plenty big enough, as they are not required for shock tactics. Mounted officers of infantry should, of course, be on cobs or ponies which are easier to get on and off, and better in mountainous and rough ground. The Indian infantry has long discarded big horses for its mounted officers, and polo ponies are the sensible rule. If our Yeomanry are intended for scouting and mounted infantry work, then they should be on cobs and ponies ; if for charging, then on rather bigger animals. It all depends on their armament. Given the right weight-carrying stamp, the small horse is the one for light cavalry.—RISSALA.

ACORNS AS FODDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the use of acorns as feeding stuff for cows, I think considerable caution is necessary in the use of these. The crop this year is quite extraordinary. Many cows eat them greedily, and the results are often disastrous. Several cows have died in my immediate neighbourhood from

and Herefordshire used to give the poor on this day soul mass cakes, a kind of oat cake. In return for this charity the recipients used to say :

" God have your saul,
Beens and all."

It was considered lucky to keep a soul mass cake. Mrs. Young, in her history of Whitley, relates that "a lady in Whitley has a soul mass loaf near a hundred years old." In Staffordshire the peasants used on All Souls' Day to go from parish to parish "a-souling," that is, begging for soul cakes and singing :

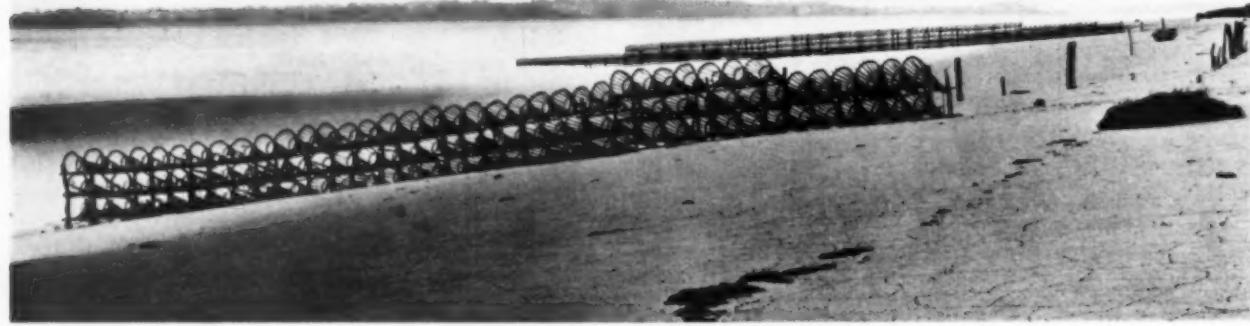
" Soul, soul, for a soul cake,
Pray you, good mistress, a soul cake."

In Warwickshire it was customary to have seed cake at this time. In North Wales, in 1735, soul cakes were distributed to the poor people on November 2nd who, on receiving them, used to pray for a blessing on the next crop of wheat. The inhabitants of St. Kilda on this festival baked "a large cake in the form of a triangle, furrowed round, and which was to be *all eaten* that night." Similar customs seem to have prevailed in different parts of England, and evidently they originated from the Roman Catholic observance of All Souls' Day.—G. WELBURN.

PUTCHER FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This ancient method of catching salmon in the Severn is carried on more extensively than most people realise, the local names of the cone-shaped wickerwork traps that are used being "troompets"; "poottchers" the Board of Trade calls them, or "putts" for short. Everyone understands these words. "Troompets" are in three sizes, those used in the fishing near us being middle-sized—that is, about six feet long and twenty-eight inches to two feet wide at the mouth. At Awre, where there is a large fishery, the putchers are much bigger, with three lengths of withy in them, eighteen feet long by about four to five feet across the mouth. Sometimes the "putts" are arranged in triple form in a sort of nest, one coming out of the other, the largest first, then a middle size and a smaller one at the end. Not many of these compound putchers are used ; about three or four may be the limit in each fishery, the rights being lost. The first "putt" of these takes the salmon, allowing any smaller fish to escape and get caught in the



PUTCHERS AT LOW TIDE.

this cause. I cannot find out that the danger is any less for cows of three years old and upwards. Farmers in this part of the country take up their cows at the beginning of the acorn season. The danger is that the acorns become impacted and cause stoppage. The idea of the farmers I have consulted is that the cows cannot return the acorns in order to chew the cud. The sweet chestnuts do no harm, but horse chestnuts are regarded doubtfully. The danger is greatest while the acorns are unripe, that is, when they first fall. The ponies eat them and grow fat. But, then, a pony can eat almost anything.—T. F. D.

MORE CHURCH "RESTORATION."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing to call your attention to the little church at Braconash, six miles from Norwich. Last week the Consistory Court granted a faculty for its "restoration," which includes the removal of all its interesting internal features—family pews, western gallery, etc. I am aware that in some churches these do not add to the beauty of the architectural merits of the edifice, but in the above instance such is not the case ; on the contrary, they silently testify to a period in English history which should certainly not be forgotten ; the most Protestant period, of which so few evidences still remain. The little edifice, as at present, is a quaint and silent witness to an epoch which must not be wiped out from our rough island story ; a secluded little sanctuary in which it is possible for the mind to wander back over the past. While others are mourning the fate of their historic monuments of the past, it does seem strange that we cannot do needful cleaning and repairing work without destroying ours.—G. J. COOKE.

SOUL MASS CAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Somas cake or soul mass cake is a sweet cake made on All Souls' Day, November 2nd, and always in a triangular shape. The custom of making this kind of cake can be recognised in a deposition of the year 1574, given in Watson's history of the House of Warren, wherein the party deposes that his mother knew a certain castle of the Earl of Warren, having as a child gathered soul-cakes there on All Souls' Day. The rich folk of Lancashire

second, while the smallest catches eels. A basket-maker who rents a small fishery, and makes his own "troompets," "never had no hand" with these treble putchers, although his brothers make them. These "putts" are not considered basket-makers' work, the fishermen generally making them. The traps are all made here, but the withies often come from abroad, Antwerp and Holland, local withy beds being allowed to get too old, and no replanting having been done. The highest fishery up the Severn is that at Broadoak, the rights of fishing further up having been lost. The fisheries follow the west side of the river to Sharpness. Owners of land on the east bank from "the peninsula"—otherwise Arlingham—the jigsaw piece of land in the middle of the horseshoe bend of the Severn, have some rights across the river ; the rights on the west side, of landlords, lords of the manor and the Corporation of Gloucester, are generally let—owning, or being a tenant of land touching the water, not always including the right of fishing. Lower down the river beyond Berkeley there are "acres" of these putchers, the smallest number ever used being sixty. They last about two years with good fortune, but they may suffer a great deal of damage from boats, and in the higher part of the river may be broken by ice-floes in the winter. The putcher season has been altered to an earlier date ; they are now placed in the "rails," or racks, on April 15th, and they "knock off" on August 15th, the former dates being May 1st until August 30th. Nearly all putchers are "put out" to fish when the tide is going ; a few beyond Berkeley are, however, "put to ketch" both ways. When the salmon swim into the trap the head gets jammed with the small end of the "troompets," and they are unable to move. If the tide is low enough to take the fish, the fishermen puts his hands through the wickerwork sides of the putcher, a piece of "marlins" is tied round the tail—ordinary twine not being strong enough—and they are so drawn out. The putchers being in the full wash of the river, unfortunately dead dogs are sometimes found in them and "other things," the nature of which one does not care to enquire. The amount of fish caught in some of the large fisheries is sometimes very great, and naturally varies according to the seasons, this year being a very bad one all round, so that the tenant of a small fishery must have made very little above his licence and rent. The luck all depends on the "sets of the tides," as they pass the putchers. There is some expense also involved in the material for the wickerwork and for the rails and posts on which

the putchers are arranged. The posts have to be placed in holes drilled in the rock, and both they and the rails must be of oak. The "poochings" of a "poocher" are of nut hazel, sally and willow, the upright sticks being of hazel, and the three rows of wickerwork round the bottom willow. For the smallest putcher that catches eels the "gall-stone" willow is never used, as, being bitter, eels will never go into a trap made of it. In spite of all the various methods of fishing in the Severn, it is impossible to get any salmon on the banks from the fisheries unless a whole fish is bought, and we are a long way from the days when it was sixpence a pound, and there was a clause in the indentures of the apprentices of a certain shop in Newnham-on-Severn

that they should not be required to eat it more than three times a week.—E. J. TUCKEY.

NEW HALL,
BOREHAM.
THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I was much interested in your article on New Hall. May I supplement it by the enclosed photograph of the remarkable stone dragon which is preserved there? It is undoubtedly of the time of Henry VIII., who, in erecting the massive gate-



A TUDOR DRAGON.

house, exhibited in your reproduction of the print of 1786, placed his own heraldic beast on either side of the gateway, as well as his arms over the entrance. The Red Dragon of the Princes of Wales was a Tudor badge of which both Henry and his father, Henry VII., were proud, as it commemorated their alleged descent from Owen Glendower and King Arthur. They were the only kings who used it, although Edward IV. had adopted the Black Dragon. The descent of Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, from these Princes was traced with much elaboration by the learned Dr. John Dee at the Queen's behest, and still exists among his voluminous MSS. The dragon now stands upon a slab in the park at New Hall, and was mounted there when the gateway was taken down. As regards the date of demolition, it is doubtful if the one given by Miss Fell Smith (1737) is correct. Considerable uncertainty attaches to the history of New Hall between this time and the advent of the nuns in 1798. Olmies died within four months of his being created Lord Waltham in 1762, having owned and occupied the mansion from about 1737. His son and successor lived till 1787. It must, therefore, have been he, Drigue Billers Olmies, who removed the gateway, west wing and chapel, unless we accept the prints by Vertue and Basire of the date 1786, which you give, as reproductions from earlier drawings. This, of course, is possible, and there is, moreover, the statement, which has not been contested, that the great window from the chapel (which is said to have been removed and buried underground during the Civil Wars) was sold by Olmies in 1758 to Mr. Conyers of Copped Hall for £50. Conyers got £400 for it from the parishioners of St. Margaret's, Westminster, where it is now, and it is well worth a visit. The portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen were made from original paintings sent to Holland for the purpose. I may add that I have examined a very complete plan of the estate as it was in 1798, when acquired by the nuns, and no trace of buildings beyond those now remaining appear.—ESSEX.

THE AMERICAN GREY SQUIRREL.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—More than one correspondent has lately referred to turning this monster of iniquity loose on the English countryside. It was done in my neighbourhood years ago by a landowner with a taste for natural history, with the result that, as the squirrels multiplied and food became scarcer, they enlarged their dietary; not content with nuts and all one's best fruit, they took young chickens and pheasants, and, I am sure, would have taken babies if they could have got at them. At last the whole neighbourhood revolted, including the original introducer, and they are mercilessly shot and trapped. But not extinct, alas!—G. H. F.

SWED TURNIPS AS GREEN CROPS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that the swedes will soon be harvested, I should like to point out that any which are too small to feed to cattle should, instead of being wasted, be gathered together and kept in a cool place, but away from severe frost, until next February. If planted out then in a spare plot of ground they will, in the course of a few weeks, produce some very useful and palatable dishes of green tops. They could be planted close together, and so that the top of each root is just level with the soil. The tops are, to many, much more pleasing than the tops of ordinary white turnips, which have a decidedly bitter taste when cooked.—F. W. H.

THE SEA AND THE PARISH OF STEPNEY.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much indebted to you if you could give me any information as to the origin of a belief still current that all children born at sea belong to Stepney Parish. I spoke with a man the other night who thoroughly believed it.—H. D. N.

[He who sails on the wide sea

Is a parishioner of Stepney

runs an old rhyme, and the tradition is so quaint and pleasant that it seems almost sacrilegious to doubt it. Nevertheless, brutal enquirers into facts have declared it to be nothing more than a "vulgar error." It would be kinder to say that there is a long standing association between Stepney and the sea, although it is hard to say exactly in what it consists. As far as the law is concerned, those born at sea have no claim on Stepney. The parish was at one time inundated with paupers, who imagined that they had, by reason of their birth at sea, acquired a settlement in Stepney, and this the ratepayers naturally resented. In 1813 a Cheshire magistrate sent one such a pauper from Chester to Stepney, whereupon the overseers of the parish moved the Court of King's Bench for a criminal information against him. Lord Ellenborough refused the rule, but directed the overseers to prosecute by indictment. The case does not appear to have been reported, but, as far as we can discover, Lord Ellenborough's decision dealt merely with the point of what was the proper procedure and not with the main question involved. That question, however, may now be taken to be settled, and a pauper born at sea clearly acquires no settlement in Stepney. There are, however, other traces of association. The Rev. G. C. Wilton, lately Rector of Stepney and now of St. Anne's, Soho, has very kindly told me that he used frequently to publish the banns of marriage of men at sea, until the authorities of the diocese forbade the proceeding as irregular. His immediate predecessor had also done so, but the Rector before him again, who is now the Bishop of Southwell, had not. Further back than that the history of this interesting custom cannot be traced. It may be pointed out that it was one of great convenience for seamen, who could be married at once on coming on shore. Now it would seem that they have either to reside for fourteen days in a parish or else obtain a special licence, state of things which may be productive of considerable hardship. The custom of registering christenings at sea in Stepney still survives, and Mr. Wilton tells me that he registered one christening on a ship off the Australian coast and another from the Mediterranean. Yet another curious survival is, as I am informed, that a sailor who is made bankrupt is still described in the proceedings as being of the parish of Stepney. Probably some legal correspondent can throw further light on this point. The reason of the traditional connection is obscure. It is generally thought to have originated in the fact that Stepney was at one time the Port of London, and Wapping, which was the common landing place, was in the parish. Stepney was naturally the first place that seamen came to when they were paid off in the Thames, and a great many of them had their homes there. The explanation, in default of anything more exact, appears reasonable.—ED.]

ANOTHER VICTIM TO MINE-LAYING?

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There seems good reason to believe that the accompanying photograph of a common rorqual (*Balaenoptera musculus*) was the victim of mine-laying in the North Sea, judging from the enormous rent torn in the abdomen, in which case this accident may have saved us another cruiser and many lives. The carcass of this animal (a female, 6ft. 5in. long) was first seen off Margate when the lifeboat put out in expectation of rescuing the survivors of a sinking Zeppelin. A closer examination, however, showed that what at a distance had simulated the envelope of an airship was really nothing more than the inflated abdomen of a dead whale! The body, being left to drift, eventually stranded at Birchington on Sunday, October 18th, where two days later it was examined and identified by a representative of the British Museum. Death must have occurred at least three weeks ago, for all the baleen had been washed out of the mouth, and the epidermis had peeled off, save for patches on the left side of the throat pleats, thus preserving a curious feature characteristic of this animal—that is to say, of the symmetrical coloration on the under surface and the baleen, the right side



AN UNLUCKY NEUTRAL.

being white, the left black. Though the paddles measured just short of 7ft. they look ridiculously small in comparison with the rest of the animal. They are, however, used merely as balancers and for steering purposes, the real organ of propulsion being the tail flukes, which measured 12ft. across. This propeller is driven by enormously powerful muscles running down the body. To further facilitate speed the tail, immediately in front of these flukes, is compressed to form a deep keel above and below the flukes. The accompanying photograph shows the carcass lying on its back, a position which allows the pleats which run down the throat and abdomen to be plainly seen.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE UNINVITED GUESTS.

FRIENDLY WILD BIRDS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend and I had been "roaming" in quest of bird photographs, and halted at a wayside farm for refreshments, which they served *al fresco* among trees literally alive with avian songsters, incessantly whistling and calling on every side. Scarcely had we commenced lunch when they introduced themselves to us, a robin and chaffinch simultaneously alighting right on the table, and without further ceremony "helping themselves" to all and sundry. "Uninvited guests" though they were, you may be sure we gave them a very hearty welcome, and placed a separate heap of food at each end of the table specially for them. A cock chaffinch quickly arrived, and without hesitation ate ravenously, followed by a robin, which, seizing a piece of cake, flew straight off with it, returned shortly, and did the same trick again. I foresaw danger of the "commissariat department" becoming "wrecked" at that speed, so crumbled the food up small, and next time the bird came it stood looking first at the crumbs, then at me, and deliberately walked right down the table and dined with my friend. It must have told its mate, for a cock robin thrust itself through the leaves of the hedge, and coming straight to me we got quite "chummy," being so tame that after a good meal he flew off the table to the ground and hopped on to my boot, staying there with his tail thrust against my leggings. Not until I stooped down and the piece of cake I offered him was less than an inch from his beak did he say adieu. Strange it was that of all the birds we dined with, never a single common sparrow came near us. All kinds of wagtails, tits, etc., were flitting about the trees overhead, but they, too, ignored us. Presumably the birds we had fed were a very select coterie and regular *habitués*, and probably accounts for such remarkable "tame ness" in absolutely "wild" birds. The merry game went on all the early noon, and we were seldom without one or two birds on the table at intervals of two or three minutes, till they were "fed up" and their visits became gradually fewer, until the westering sun, in a blaze of crimson and gold, sank slowly to rest amid the trees, then ceased entirely, and put a finish to what had been a perfect summer idyll.—A. PILKINGTON.

FERRETING.

To the EDITOR.
SIR,—Enclosed I am sending a photograph of Nature study taken on the River Ribble

banks at Balderstone, near Blackburn; it is of a ferret coming out into the net from a rabbit hole.—ERNEST HOLDEN.

CATS WITH ODD EYES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Walking round a country lane not far from our house the other day I came upon a white cat—or, rather, kitten—sitting on a wall near a cottage. Being very fond of animals, I went to stroke it, and found, to my intense surprise, that the creature had two different coloured eyes! The right eye was of a very common colour, yellow hazel, soft and velvety, while the other was a bright, glassy sky blue! It was a most curious contrast. I have



THE FERRET COMING OUT.

never before seen a cat with blue eyes. Kittens, it is true, have them, but they are usually a dark, soft indigo blue, and always change, whereas this creature's was, as I said, a bright sky blue, and its other eye being yellow made its appearance even more strange than it would have been if both eyes had been blue. I should very much like to know if you or any of your readers have ever seen anything similar in cats, and if it is a rare occurrence or no? I should add that the kitten was not a very young one, being, I should judge, several months old.—F. R. EVANS.

[Odd eyes do sometimes occur, although, of course, not frequently, and we have never heard of them in *coloured* cats. Oddly enough, we once possessed a white cat exactly answering to our correspondent's description.—ED.]

DISEASED SYCAMORES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some sycamore leaves picked in a plantation that borders my garden. They are now falling, but the brilliant black blotches with which they are covered appear while they are still on the tree. As the whole plantation appears to be affected, I should be glad to know whether it is a phase of decay which has escaped my notice hitherto, or a disease.—C. ESSINGHAM.

[The leaves of the sycamore are attacked by the fungus *Rhytisma acerinum*, and it is that which is producing the black blotches on them. Collecting the leaves, if it could be thoroughly done in autumn, would reduce the disease to a minimum in the succeeding year.—ED.]

PRESERVING THE WALNUT CROP.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you some specimens of our walnuts to ask if it is usual for the husks to be such a bluish green and so powdery inside; also what causes the shell to be so undeveloped? and what is it that eats them on the tree like this? Is it an animal or bird or insect? We have an unusually large crop on all three trees, but one is very old and the bark is very decayed; almost all the shells have been nibbled.—M. HARDY SMITH.

[It is not unusual for the husks of walnuts to be in the condition of those sent by our correspondent. It is due to climatic conditions. The bluish,

powdery substance inside is caused by a mould fungus, and is brought about by the moisture contained in the outer husk. This husk ought to be removed as quickly as possible after the nuts fall. They should then be placed in a coarse sack, each end of which ought to be tightly grasped by a man or boy, and the walnuts shaken quickly from one end of the sack to the other. This will clean them and also get rid of a good deal of external moisture. Subsequently they should be dried for a few hours. The undeveloped shells are due to constitution. Some walnuts naturally have very thin shells, and cultural treatment is not likely to prove of benefit. The eating of the nuts may be the work of squirrels, rooks or even field mice, although we doubt if the latter would climb the tree.—ED.]